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The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known . . . .

VOLUME IX.

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
Mdcccciij

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The Bibelot

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The Bibelot

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The Bibelot

THE *Greek Anthology is that vast drift-heap of antique poetry, consisting of something like six thousand distinct pieces of verse, which has survived the wreck of empires. Its lyric accretions, in more or less fragmentary condition, extend from first to last over a period of nearly twenty centuries. Imbedded in this mighty maze, (which once was not without a plan,) lie enshrined some of the most exquisite utterances of human love and longing; while in Meleager, the earliest gatherer of old Greek posies, are evidences of that eternal self-renewing romanticism which binds together hearts of dust with hearts that still throb and burn. Conceivably, also, the lost world of Herondas, the delicate atmosphere of which has been wonderfully recaptured by Marcel Schwob in his* Mimes, *is precisely the living world depicted in these palimpsests of a vanished past.*

Thus much premised it is doubly delightful to come upon an unspoiled specimen of rare poetic scholarship, wherein is made over to us who are neither scholars nor poets save in our appreciation of what such

gifts may mean, a gracious bequest,—this Chrysanthema *of old-world song. As if in emulation of the many "unknown masters" of the Anthology the name of its author is not to be found save in connexion with this unique series of direct translations. Originally printed in* The Nineteenth Century *for November, 1878, the little garland was left to time and chance, a marvellous and regrettable instance of literary modesty we could well wish otherwise.*

An appropriate addition supplementary to our reprint is in a brief cycle of later lyrical versions rescued by us from the little known volume of poems, Love in Idleness, *which was published anonymously in London as far back as 1883.*[1] *As any adequate setting forth of the history of our theme is impossible here,*[2] *such bibliographical data*

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1 *A final collection by the same friends entitled* Love's Looking Glass, (*London, 1891,*) *reveals the composite authorship of both books of verse. The names given are those of H. C. Beeching, J. W. Mackail and J. B. B. Nichols.*

2 *For collateral reading the following references to* The Bibelot *may be of service: Fragments from Sappho, I, pp. 107-138; A Flower of Laurium, II, pp. 3-32; Three Greek Idyllists, III, pp. 3-74; Odysseus in Phaeacia, III, pp. 345-366; Echoes from Theocritus, IV, pp. 363-396; Demeter and Persephone, three translations, V, pp. 179-204; Lyrics from Ionica, VII, pp. 119-158.*

as we possess is given in a final note, which cannot but prove of great interest to all who care to know more about these survivals of time-wasted loveliness.

"*Time and fate could not destroy the blooms of the Anthology, the loveliest Syracusan idyls, the odes of Catullus and Horace;*" *and, as Mr. Stedman goes on to say,* "*the word* Irreparable *suggests a yearning as infinite as that for the* Unattainable."[3] *It is indeed just this touch of old unhappy far-off things that in the verse we are considering,—this breath from the far distant lying, a faint susurrus of the spirit,—that still has power to move us as once it moved the hearts of men and women in the violet land of Greece—*

"*A long while since, a long, long time ago.*"

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3 *See* The Nature and Elements of Poetry *by E. C. Stedman, (Boston, 1892).*

FOR FEBRUARY:

CHRYSANTHEMA (CONCLUDED)
A LITTLE CYCLE OF GREEK LYRICS.

FOR MARCH:

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ
BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

CHRYSANTHEMA
GATHERED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
BY WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

"The cloudcapt monuments of mighty kings and captains crumble into dust and mingle with the nameless ashes of those who reared them; but we know perhaps the name and even the colour of the hair and eyes of some humble shepherd's mistress who brushed through the dew to meet her lover's kiss, when the rising sun glittered on the golden images that crowned the palace roof of Semiramis. Fleets and navies are overwhelmed and forgotten, but some tiny love freighted argosy, launched (like those of the Hindoo maidens) upon the stream of time in days now behind the horizon, floats down to us with its frail lamp yet burning. Theories for which great philosophers wore their hearts out, histories over which the eyes of wise men ached for weary years, creeds for which hundreds underwent an exulting martyrdom, poems which had once quickened the beating of the world's great heart, and the certainty of whose deathlessness had made death sweet to the poet — all these have mouldered to nothing; but some word of love, some outvent of a sorrow which haply filled only one pair of eyes with tears, these seem to have become a part of earth's very lifeblood."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"PERHAPS, however, the true secret of their charm is this; that in their couplets, after listening to the choric raptures of triumphant public art, we turn aside to hear the private utterances, the harmoniously modulated whispers of a multitude of Greek poets telling us their inmost thoughts and feelings. The unique melodies of Meleager, the chaste and exquisite delicacy of Callimachus, the clear dry style of Straton, Plato's unearthly subtlety of phrase, Antipater's perfect polish, the good sense of Palladas, the fretful sweetness of Agathias, the purity of Simonides, the gravity of Poseidippus, the pointed grace of Philip, the few but mellow tones of Sappho and Erinna, the tenderness of Simmias, the biting wit of Lucillius, the sunny radiance of Theocritus—all these good things are ours in the Anthology. But beyond these perfumes of the poets known to fame is yet another. Over very many of the sweetest and the strongest of the epigrams is written the pathetic word ἀδέσποτον—'without a master.' Hail to you, dead poets, unnamed, but dear to the Muses! Surely with Pindar and Anacreon, with Sappho and with Sophocles, the bed of flowers is spread for you in those 'black-petalled hollows of Pieria' where you bade Euripides farewell."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

CHRYSANTHEMA GATHERED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PERHAPS scholars have heard and read quite enough about the Greek Anthology. It has become historical, as all collected poems do, a storehouse not unlocked unless to group or edit the contents; this record of the manifold life of a thousand years has been made into a book, and has lost some of its vitality in the making. There is plenty of question about the different anthologies, and some little about the separate authors and their poems. But, on the other hand, poetry-lovers, and specially lovers of songs, hardly know how many of their favourites are there in original form. English people who love Herrick and Ben Jonson do not all know that Meleager was in love with daffodils, and wrote about the wreath he made of them very much as Herrick would have done; that Agathias as good as wrote 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' (the first verse of it at least, and the second is to be found unfathered in the fifth book of the Anthology[1] too); and that, to speak in

[1] The references throughout are to the *Anthologia Palatina* (instruxit Fred. Dübner, Paris, 1864).

reverse order of time, Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare and Spenser can all be quoted in it. There are epigrams with the stamp of each upon the face of them.

These lovers of songs — they may not care for history, and are very likely quite ignorant of Herrick's life and Jonson's — will not want to hear much about the song-writers themselves; and there is not much to tell. 'Herrick' and 'Jonson' are to them respectively the names of a good many and a few well-known and well-loved verses, and so should Callimachus, for instance, and Agathias and of course Meleager be; and that would be a great deal better fame for these poets than that students only should know about them as represented by certain numbers in the great drift-heap of the Anthology. Plato and Simonides have their better fame elsewhere, and are not in such risk of being laid by. This, then, is what I want to give — some readable little English poems written to all intents and purposes a great while ago in Greek. An accurate recognition of each poet as an individual cannot perhaps be made out of the original language, scarcely even there; but just as Keats by

his temperament met Homer halfway in Chapman, lovers of the Elizabethan poets and of modern poetry, as well as Greek scholars or better, can meet these very men with their sweethearts and their garlands 'in their habit as they lived' so many hundred years gone by.

Now, for us to do this with ease and pleasure, we must meet them under some guise familiar to us and not dull. This brings us to the question of metres. With our ears accustomed to such a great number of lyric forms, we must have variety above all else. For different subjects we want different keys and different time as in music. We have a strong instance of this in Tennyson's work. For the monotone of sorrow he takes one grave metre, but in 'Maud,' where the movement is as complex as life's, he varies the metres to correspond with it as best may be. The translator who would use one metre for these Greek epigrams, would have written 'Maud' in couplets. Hexameters and pentameters and occasional iambics are the metres of the Anthology, but they are not familiar to us and never will be, unless combined with rhyme (and always the more

rhyme the better), when they present as good a means as can be found for faithful and rhythmical translations; and heroic couplets which to us take the place of the longer lines to the Greek ear are generally dull. There is no denying that. Take up any book of unbroken couplets, and it will certainly prove less inviting than it could possibly have done in any other form, blank verse included. It is true that in English literature heroic couplets do best clothe the epigram; but then we must bear this in mind — what is nearest to our sympathies in the work of these so-called 'epigrammatic' poets is not, as we now speak, epigrammatic at all. Many of the verses are rhetorical exercises, jokes and so forth; but even of these (as Mr. Symonds has shown in his Greek Poets) most, though they have the point of an epigram, have not its sting, Meleager's 'wreath of songs' was a collection of lyrics, most of them short and nearly all memorable, but their incisiveness is very different from the precision we look for in an epigram; they are not forced or witty, many of them just idylls. In our English with its wide vocabulary, and if he had been writing for print and not for graving, it is not per-

haps impertinent to suppose that he and his fellows, if not his predecessors, would have chosen the sonnet form. For the sonnet with its beautiful order, its strict rules, any one of which broken is an offence to the cultivated ear, and with the manifold changes of tone, the simplicity and the neatness which it admits, is really our best equivalent for the eight or ten hexameters and pentameters in which most of our favourite Greek epigrams are contained. As it is, a translator cannot render these into sonnets without a little undue expansiveness; but where the epigram is of fourteen lines or even twelve, he may fairly cast it into a sonnet, as I shall hope to show in one or two examples by-and-by.

To rondels and other 'moulds,' so to speak, for English verse, we are not accustomed. I am afraid, if I were to try these, I should not be simple enough for a translator. The charm of a rondel is its artificial grace, delighting the eye and ear. The charm of a translation in verse is that the verse should neither load the sense nor tangle it. So I have not inserted any rondels, the most delicate webs of love-song possible.

We need not hesitate over the story of the Anthology as it has come down to us; Mr. Symonds has made it all interesting already, and what matters to us is that we have the poems in their original form. Being fugitive pieces, they will speak for themselves. We don't want to say, 'Now all this was a man's diathesis, and here is his heart-beat,' but 'Here is this man's heart-beat: judge his diathesis.'

The first collection that was made of Greek epigrams was Meleager's, just before the Christian era, and his way of collecting them is quite the most charming of all. He gathers the songs into a wreath, as he calls it, giving to each poet a symbolic flower; and though he gives all sorts of flowers, for health, and rest, and pleasuring, he gives no poppy to any one, which we must take to mean that they are none of them dull. This is how he introduces them: I have put the preface into blank verse, to preserve the quantities for any one who cares to read it, not because among so many names strange to us we can hope to see all the pretty touches of the poem.

I.

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my Muse,
And who among the bards hath made this wreath?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Mœro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers — so few but roses all —
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns — and thy young branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna too
Clear as the girl's own skin — and hyacinth,
Alcæus' hyacinth that speaks to bards —
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnesalcus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs
Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey — with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.

This is Dioscorides'. We must find one epigram of his, at all events: —

And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree —
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phaennus' flax plant — Simmias' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and — gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses — golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon — that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs:
And the rough white-thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture — as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom —
Young shoots of Alexander's olive grown
And Polycleitus' dark blue cornflower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress: and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift.

That is Hermodorus. There is only one epigram of his in the Anthology, a beautiful one upon a statue of Athene: —

And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus —
Flowers of the field — and windflowers springing glad
In airs Sicilian,

(that is a periphrasis for Asclepias perhaps, for these flowers are for the poets of country life) —

and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Chæræmon's leafy lotus, mixing it
With flox of Phædimus and chamomile—
The crinkled oxeye—of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas—
The wine cup's charm—and Phanieus' beanflowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards,
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

There it is with its 'envoi.'[1] Nothing about order except the order of taste, as if he were really plaiting a garland — just the praise of a book of pleasant verses. Now, to make any portion of the Anthology come to us anything like what Meleager's collection was, we want to make a wreath of songs too — to get a taste of a great many writers at their best. Only we must plait our flowers with this difference — that Meleager's own early violets take the place of a great many of the poets' flowers whom he quoted.

[1] For convenience in citation we have numbered these versions consecutively, — sixty-three in all. Ed. Bibelot.

Mr. Wright's little book, *The Golden Treasury of Greek Poetry*, published in 1867 in the Clarendon Press Series,[1] gives a taste of a great many very good, nay, perhaps best, things, all through Greek literature, and his specimens from the Anthology are as good as the rest. The book is handy and available; and he has tied up the epigrams in groups which give some sort of order, and allow a sufficient variety. It were pity to do again what he has done so well, especially as by choosing his selection nearly all references and Greek letters can be avoided; so I shall take it for basis, and try and be clear and simple in my renderings and as interesting as I can. I shall want to add some few epigrams, nearly all of them Meleager's, and shall do so from time to time at the end of that group of Mr. Wright's to which they severally appertain.

We need not trouble ourselves about all the very classical epitaphs which form his first group. They have not the personal

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1 The second edition, augmented and revised by Evelyn Abbott, M. A., LL. D., was published at Oxford in 1889.

interest of those which come later in the fourth section, being for the most part rhetorical exercises — models of brevity and fulness in the Greek, but thankless in English verse, and indeed in print altogther. The longest of them, for instance, which has its *locus classicus* in Demosthenes' *De Coronâ*, has been done scores of times and never yet made thrilling. It is no doubt rather out of compliment and custom that Mr. Wright has included it. Scholars look for it everywhere, and I hope they will not be disappointed to forego their favourite here; it is quite too involved for translation, and has in itself none of the special charm of the Greek epigram — terseness with limpidity.

Here are his first two, epitaphs of Simonides, who lived a good five hundred years before Christ, 'On them that fell with Leonidas:' —

II.

For their dear country these her quenchless glory
Won, for themselves the dusky shroud of death.
By that same death they live, whose echoing story
Rings from the halls Hades inhabiteth.

And:

III.

Stranger! tell Lacedæmon — here we lie!
Hers was the word and ours the will to die.

And here is a fine traditionary epitaph for Achilles: —

IV.

This mound, the Achæans reared, — Achilles' tomb —
For terror to the Trojans yet to be,
Leans shoreward that his mighty spirit whom
Sea Thetis bore may hear its dirge of the sea.

I should like to add this noble and characteristic one of Dioscorides. (I promised one of his for the sake of Meleager's wreath.) But I am afraid I must give a reference here to the *Palatine Anthology* (vii. 434).

V.

The mother sent eight sons against the foe —
Eight sons beneath one pillar buried she,
Nor wept for grief, nor spake aught else but — 'Oh,
These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee!'

And now, commencing Mr. Wright's second section, we come straight upon Meleager's 'Spring Song,' which might be — I had almost written must be — Spenser's work in Greek, and which is one of the loveliest as it is one of the longest pieces in the Anthology. As

there is evidently the Alexandrian touch about it, and the work is almost of the Christian era, I shall expand it a little more, in English, than I should venture to do were it the work of an earlier period: —

VI.

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
  Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery Spring:
Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
  Young plants may choose themselves apparelling.

Now, drinking tender dews of generous morn,
  The meadows break into their summer smile,
  The rose unfolds her leaves: and glad, the while,
In far-off hills the shepherd winds his horn,
  And his white brede the goatherd's heart beguile.

Now sail the sailors over billowing seas
  While careless Zephyr fills the canvas fair,
  And singing crowds with dances debonnair
Praise Dionysus for the grapes' increase —
  The berried ivy twisted in their hair.

Forth from the rotting hide now bees are come —
  Deft craftsmen working well and warily —
  And in the hive they settle, while they ply
Fresh-flowing waxen store, with busy hum,
  And small pierced cells for their sweet industry.

Now shrilleth clear each several bird his note.
  The Halcyon charms the wave that knows no gale,
  About our eaves the swallow tells her tale,

Along the river banks the swan, afloat,
And down the woodland glades the nightingale.

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth anew—
Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are gay—
Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due—
Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pursue—
Sing, poet, thou—and sing thy best for May.

'Ainsi,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'le printemps de Méleagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature.'

Next we go back more than two hundred years to Leonidas. He is terser, but loves the spring quite as well (I must try and be terser too):—

VII.

'Tis time to sail—the swallow's note is heard,
Who chattering down the soft west wind is come,
The fields are all aflower, the waves are dumb
Which erst the winnowing blast of winter stirred.

Loose cable, friend, and bid your anchor rise,
Crowd all your canvas at Priapus' hest,
Who tells you from your harbours—'Now 'twere best,
Sailor, to sail upon your merchandise.'

The last of this group is Agathias' vintage song. He lived a good seven hundred years after Leonidas, and is a pagan only by imitation; but he did delicious work, with a certain lilt about it that makes translation irresistible, and here he is at his very best — for his 'Laurel-leaves,' a series of love-songs, are lost long ago:—

VIII.

Tread we thine infinite treasure, Iacchus, the vintage sweet!
Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of wildering feet.
Down flows the vast clear stream, and the ivy-wood bowls, as they float
O'er the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy boat.
Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the glowing wine—
No warm Naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup or mine!

See, o'er the wine-press bending, the maiden Rose-flower beams—
Splendour of loveliness sending that dazzles the flood with its gleams.
Captive the hearts of us all! straightway no man that is here
But is bound to Bacchus in thrall—to Paphia in bondage dear.
Cruel—for while at our feet he revels in bountiful rain,
Longing most fleet—most sweet—is all she gives for our pain.

That is all, I am sorry to say, that Mr. Wright has quoted in his idyllic section. As I am going to cut out a few from his fifth part, I shall here insert a lovely one of Meleager's to a locust — not half well known enough (vii. 195): —

IX.

Charmer of longing — counsellor of sleep!
— The cornfields' chorister
Whose wings to music whirr —
Come, mimic lute, my soul in songs to steep,
Brush tiny foot and wing
In tender musicking:
Come! out of sleepless care my heart uplift,
Locust, and set love free
With your shrill minstrelsy.
And, in the morning, I will give for gift
A fresh green leek to you
And kissing drops of dew.

I will not apologise for the metre; no Englishman could write anything but a lyric to a locust.

The third part brings us to the love-songs, of which I cannot spare any, and I must add one or two. Meleager is at the head of the poets here, of course, but I cannot bring myself to give his sweethearts their proper names, Heliodora and Zenophile, and I

prefer putting a simple English equivalent or none at all to selecting other names, which must always be a matter of the translator's individual taste, and so rather an impertinence, although no less a name than Shelley's [1] sanctions it.

X.

White flowers the violet now, Narcissus flowers
And drinks the dewy showers:
The lily plants arow
On hillsides grow.
But Spring's best crown, her flower of flowers, is here,
My lady-love, my dear:
Most winsome bud that blows
And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh with blooms bedight!
For lo, my lady's light
Is better than the breath
Of all your wreath.

---

[1] Though his 'kissing Helena' owes the name doubtless to the *Faustus* of Marlowe:—

'Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies.'

["Kissing Helena, together
With my kiss, my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—
For the poor thing had wandered thither,
To follow where the kiss should guide it.
Oh cruel I to intercept it!"]

Notes in brackets are given by us, and are not a part of Mr. Hardinge's original text. Ed. Bibelot.

I shall be accused of *recherche* here; but it is a case where it is much better to be fanciful than to be bald, and whoever cares to substitute 'Zenophile' for 'my lady-love' will see how it puts the little poem out, though it has no effect upon the metre.

The next is Elizabethan too, if I may classify my poets so, but full of epithets almost impossible in English:--

XI.

I cry you Love — at earliest break of day
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread
And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.
Ho! ye that meet the boy — for such is he,
Full of sweet tears and wit; a fickle sprite
Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright!
Yet know I not on whom to father Love —
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,
And the broad sea the same.
With each and all he lives at feud. Beware
Lest, while I speak, he cast
A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.
But see! his hiding-place, his very self,
Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
A laughing elf
Within my lady's eyes.

The next is of the same period, and by Philodemus, who came also from Gadara, which we know of as the city of swine, but which was a city of poets then.

Gadara first received me — that famous city my mother,

says Meleager in one of his epitaphs for himself, which we cannot find room for in full. In this song of Philodemus is a note of warning which we do not get in Meleager: —

XII.

Not yet the season of bare stems for flowers,
Nor yet winehued the grape cluster, which now
Puts forth its maiden charms — but these the hours
When little Loves prepare them each his bow,
Lusidice, and smoke from embers lours —
Poor lovers I and thou!
Ere the dart speed a hasty flight be ours,
For soon the world will be ablaze, I trow.

Meleager would not have confused the picture so; but what is real and valuable in that song is the sigh in it. Rufinus has the same sigh, but his touch is more pathetic still; he does not compliment his lady as Ben Jonson did when he 'sent her late a rosy wreath:'[1] —

[1] ["I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,

XIII.

Oh! royal rose — of many a flower and sweet,
Mine hands have woven you a garland meet,
And, having woven, lay it at your feet.

Here lilies, here the rosebud, and here too
The windflower with her petals drenched in dew,
And daffodillies cool, and violets blue.

Let this fair garland put your pride to death!
To you that bloom to-day, each blossom saith
'Your beauty, like my beauty, withereth.'

Meleager's glad song comes in again, with no sadness in its tone: —

XIV.

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils
With myrtle spray,
And lily bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay.
With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's rose
That she may wear —

As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."

This is the second stanza of that famous "*Song: To Celia*," of which "Drink to me, only with thine eyes" is the first and perhaps best known verse.]

My sun-maiden — each scented flower that blows
Upon her scented hair.

I think we must give Agathias the palm among these. His vintage song, which I quoted already, would be fit pendant for the fresco of the grape-treading in the Campo Santo at Pisa; but here he is quite as fine when he would turn his back upon the wine-cup. He is Ben Jonson.[1] We have all heard some of this poem before: —

XV.

No wine for me! — Nay, and it be your will
Kiss first the goblet — I will drink my fill:
How may I, when thy lips have touched it, dare
Be sober still, and that sweet draught forswear?
For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

I venture to transpose the order of the next two songs, to give Meleager's toast to

1 ["Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine."]

Heliodora close upon this one (Herrick, after Jonson): —

XVI.

Fill to the sun-maiden! and then
Upon the draught her name
Yet once again, 'The sun-maiden,'
And be the toast the same.
Ah! yet once more: and give to me
That garland drenched in myrrh:
Her wreath of yesterday shall be
Memorial of her.

In the *Palatine Anthology* there is a parenthesis with which the song ends, too pretty for me to refrain from giving it, as Mr Wright has done: —

(And lo! the rose, the lover's love,
— Because it sees her lying
Another's burning heart above—
The very rose is crying!)

Fortunately the next three are short, for I shall have some longer ones to add: —

XVII.

Farewell, Phaësphorus—dawn's herald ray,
But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
And, darkling, bring back her you take away.

Here is a traditionary one; the fancy is as old and as young as love, and Tennyson's

Miller's Daughter is perhaps the amber in which it lives best. Both these epigrams are his, we will say, for he has 'Sweet Hesper-Phosphor' in his *In Memoriam:* —

XVIII.

It's oh! to be a wild wind — when my lady's in the sun —
She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breathing in.
It's oh! to be a red rose — just a faintly blushing one —
So she'd pull me with her hand and to her snowy breast I'd win.

The last is Plato's divine one to Aster. Mr. Farrar has done it into an hexameter and pentameter neatly, if not poetically, and I give my rendering with diffidence: —

XIX.

Thou gazest on the stars — a star to me
That art — but oh! that I the heavens might be
And with a thousand eyes still gaze on thee!

I must add to these love-songs two or three in a different strain. Here is a very bright one of Rufinus (v. 15): —

XX.

Ah! where is now Praxiteles? and where the hands of Heraclite

That wrought of old such images, as made the marble
breathe delight?
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning
glance of Melité,
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendours of
her bosom be?
Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you at
a lover's nod
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the statue of
a god!

And of Meleager (v. 57): —

XXI.

Love, if swimming in thy light ofttimes burnt the soul
shall be,
Swiftly will she take her flight: cruel, she is winged
like thee!

Here is a very characteristic one (v. 182): —

XXII.

Say to Lycænis, Dorcas, what you're bid.
Your love's proved false: false love can't long be hid.
Tell her so, Dorcas — see! and then again
A second and a third time, Dorcas, plain.
Run, don't delay, but fly! stay — Dorcas — stay!
Don't hurry, Dorcas, till I've said my say.
Add to the former words . . . (that's foolish! no.)
Say nothing then, but this — yes, all. Now go.
Be sure and tell her all. But why send you,
Dorcas — when here I am and coming too?

This is the perfection of fancy — it is one of a series which I wish I could include (v. 152):—

XXIII.

Fly for me, gnat, my swiftest messenger,
And touch my lady's ear,
Whispering this:
'He waits thee, waking, but thou sleepest yet.
Ah! thoughtless, to forget
Thy votaries!'
Fly to her, singing gnat, oh fly to her!
Yet softly call her, softly, lest he hear
And wake, who sleeps too near,
And all my gains
Be jealous blows. But an thou fetch her me,
A lion's skin to thee,
Gnat, for thy pains,
And a club will I give, in hand to bear.

Could anything be more delicate than that — the notion of dressing a gnat in the attributes of Herakles after his feat of bringing the love to the lover? That at least has not come down to us along the centuries in every poet's song. It is unique, a little orchid in the Greek garden of flowers. But the next has a truer note of feeling (v. 174):—

XXIV.

Now sleeps my lady, like a gentle flower—
O that I were as sleep without his wing,
Across her eyelids there!

So not even he that on Zeus' eyes hath power
Should share with me the sweet companioning
That I should get of her.

This, of regret (xii. 32): —

XXV.

Ah now remember! yes, now remember
How this good word in the good days I said:
'Beauty is sweetest — beauty is fleetest,
Not the swiftest bird in air
Is a swifter passenger.'
Lo! now to earth your beauty flowers are shed!

That is a chrysanthemum indeed — a golden flower, fit winter gathering in the Greek garden. And this of passion (v. 215): —

XXVI.

I pray thee, Love, for sake of my poor song
To put to sleep this sleepless love of mine!
Yea — for they will not learn — those arrows thine
To smite another, but they do me wrong
Winging their flight for ever at only me.
What though thou slay me? I shall leave this line
Written, whereof the sound shall echo long:
'Here lies, whose murder was of Love's cruelty.'

But of all that the prince of love-poets did there is nothing that equals this. I have not been quite literal here. Scholars will know why I need handle it delicately, and it tells its own tale of longing (xii. 125).

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XXVII.

Love brought by night a vision to my bed,
One that still wore the vesture of a child
But eighteen years of age — who sweetly smiled
Till of the lovely form false hopes were bred
And keen embraces wild.
Ah! for the lost desire that haunts me yet,
Till mine eyes fail in sleep that finds no more
That fleeting ghost! Oh lovelorn heart, give o'er —
Cease thy vain dreams of beauty's warmth — forget
The face thou longest for!

All through the Anthology there is nothing rings truer than that [1] Again I have begun and ended with Meleager, but this section was his special sphere, his share in the epitaphs being, though noble, comparatively small.

---

1 ["You never loved me, and yet to save me,
One unforgetable night you gave me
Such chill embraces as the snow-covered heights
Receive from clouds, in northern, Auroral nights.
Such keen communion as the frozen mere
Has with immaculate moonlight, cold and clear.
And all desire,
Like failing fire,
Died slowly, faded surely, and sank to rest
Against the delicate chillness of your breast."
A modern parallelism, one of a series of love lyrics from India as "arranged in verse" by Mr. Laurance Hope in *The Garden of Kama*, 1902.]

The first of these — the epitaphs of friendship and love — is Plato's for Aster, finely done by Shelley,[1] of which I write the mere English: —

XXVIII.

As morning star to man thy light was shed —
As evening star thou shinest for the dead!

And then follows one of the only two Mr. Wright gives of Meleager's: —

XXIX.

Tears, lady, though thou lie beneath the earth,
The little Love has left for Death, I shed
Tears, bitter tears, o'er thy lamented head,
Poor tribute of my heart and my heart's dearth.
Heavily, heavily, — my dear — my dead! —
In vain to Acheron I mourn thy worth;
Ah! where's the stem that gave my longing birth?
Now Death hath torn — hath torn it from its bed.
Yea, dust hath stained my floweret at her best;
I pray thee, mother earth, that tenderly
Thou gather her whom all we weep to thee —
And fold her gently, mother, to thy breast.

That is what he wrote for his sun-maiden, as I called her in the toast. The next is by

1 ["Thou wert the Morning Star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled; —
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead."]

Erinna, who lived more than five hundred years before Meleager, and who died when she was only nineteen, leaving work that promised, the ancients' thought, to equal Homer's, but this one which Mr. Wright gives is only doubtfully hers.

XXX.

Pillars and Sirens mine, and mournful urn
That holdest all death's little ashes here,
Bid 'hail' to them that greet my sepulchre,
Strangers or citizens, ere they return.
And say 'her father called this buried maid
Baucis by name — her race was Tenian.'
That they may know my story while they scan
These signs Erinna's hand — my friend's — portrayed.

There is a fine epitaph for Erinna herself, which will not be out of place here (vii. 13): —

XXXI.

Maiden Erinna, like a minstrel bee,
Culling her flowers fresh with the Muses' breath,
Death snatched to bridal: ah! a prophet she
Singing so surely 'Thou art jealous, Death.'

But to Callimachus must be given the palm in this section. He was chief librarian at Alexandria, and lived shortly before the first Punic war. Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν, he

said, 'a big book is a big evil,' and of all his eight hundred volumes only six hymns and less than a century of epigrams remain. These have been, many of them, quite beautifully translated, but I think this will be welcome under a new guise: —

XXXII.

Their prattling Crethis full of blameless laughter
Oft seek the Samian maidens, many an one:
All her sweet gossip at the loom is done.
She sleeps, below, the sleep that follows after,
Which never a maiden of them all can shun.

The next one is so evidently by Mrs. Browning, that I may be allowed some of her loose rhymes.

XXXIII.

Dead! my firstborn? no! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted.
There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture —
Soft the flowers around thee — away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness makes sorry;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and robbed of its glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest securely —
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enhallow thee purely!

This is Meleager's best, so earnest that I have changed the person in order to retain the 'intimate' tone. Herrick, our Meleager, did this one too.

XXXIV.

Bridal none but death for bridegroom, dear,
Falls to thee to lay thy girlhood by.
Oh! last eve upon our threshold, clear
Rang the lotus-flutes, and merrily
Echoed back the beaten chamber door.
But this morning breaks no music glad—
Lamentation loud the flutes outpour,
And the bridal god wails hushed and sad.
Yea, the torch, that lit thee to my bed,
Lights thee that last way among the dead.

The next of Leonidas I need not give; it is very matter of fact and not very interesting as a record of daily life. The charm of an epitaph of this description is that it shows how similar was life all those years ago to what it is now. As soon as that epitaph is given as an English verse this charm is to a great extent gone. The next of Callimachus I cannot spare.

XXXV.

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er been made!
Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy shade—

Dear son of Diocleides seaward sent!
Now somewhere in deep seas thy corse is tost
Hither and thither — and for whom we lost
We find thy name and empty monument.

We pass on to this quaint one by Paulus Silentiarius, one of the latest writers, which Cowper translated strikingly but quite inadmissibly — for he puts all the lines into the mouth of the corpse, whereas the point of the epigram lies in the interruptions of the traveller.

XXXVI.

'My name was' — well! it helps thee not, 'my land' — 'tis nought to me!
'My race was brave' — vile had it been, what matter would it be?
'My life and death had fair renown' — If shame, what could it do?
'Here now I lie' — what's that to me? and what am I to you?

On the next page this anonymous one is fine: —

XXXVII.

Now have I found the harbour! Hope, and thou good Hap, farewell!
We meet no more; mock those on earth that after me shall dwell.

And this of Plato for Dion, the tyrant of Syracuse: —

XXXVIII.

Weeping the lot of the Ilian women — for Hecuba weeping —
This was the weft of the Fates spun on the day they were born.
Ah! but from thee, my Dion, thy sacrifice gratefully keeping,
Wide was the hope that the gods, quenching thine honours, have torn.
Thou, while thy citizens praise thee, in the glades of thy land liest sleeping,
Dion, desire of whose love wilders my senses forlorn.

Mr. Johnson's pretty and simple verses for this one of Callimachus deter one from trying it again, but the epitaph (upon Heracleitus) is in itself immortal and will shine through many renderings. It is no mere exercise of verse-making, but rings with as true and as restrained a note of sorrow as *Lycidas* or *Thyrsis*.

XXXIX.

One tells me, friend, that we are parted now.
And I recall how often I and thou,
In closest converse, sank the sun to sleep,
And, so remembering, weep.
Halicarnassian host! somewhere thou must
Long, long ago be dust,
Yet live thy nightingales — thine own — for them
Death, that takes all, hath never requiem!

This of Simmias is a little earlier (about 300 B. C.). The rendering 'Wind, gentle evergreen,' with which we are all familiar, does not seem to me to give at all the tone or the lilt of the verse.

XL.

Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave — right tenderly — twine
Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.
Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the clustering vine
Pour out its branches around, wet with their glistering sheen.
All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to combine,
Priest of the gay and profound: sweetest of singers terrene.

We need not linger over the epitaph for Anacreon after that on Sophocles, and I am anxious to make this of Leonidas into a sonnet.

XLI.

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,
Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
A little favour, but most grateful, pay
Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied!
For sake of mother earth, and by the bride
Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play
From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah! but, in early spring, cull meadowsweet,
Neighbour, and weave a garland for my tomb;
And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed
When the lambs play about their mothers' feet.
So shall you honour well the shades, from whom
Are thanks — and from the dead is gratitude.

I must interpolate one of Meleager's on a hare which I am afraid Mr. Wright does not think grave enough for the *Golden Treasury* (vii. 207): —

XLII.

I was a fleet-foot, long-eared hare,
Snatched early from maternal care
On delicate spring-flowers to fare.

In gentle Fanny's arms I lay,
Nor ever wished myself away,
Nor fretted for my mother aye.

Full many a dainty she supplied.
I lived on clover at her side,
And then, of too much clover, died.

Close to her couch she laid me dead:
In dreamland to be visited
By spectre tombs beside her bed.

Cowper should have done that instead of the other. The last in the fourth section is this very graceful one which bears no master's name.

XLIII.

Kind earth, take old Amyntychus to thee
— Mindful of all his labours — tenderly.
For thee he set the olive's sturdy roots,
Many an one, and gave thee vineyard shoots
For beauty, and made thy valleys thick with corn.
And of his hand were water runnels born
To feed thee serviceable herbs, beside
Thine apple-bearing orchards fair and wide.
Wherefore on his grey head, kind earth, lie light,
And make with flowers his spring-tide pastures bright.

Nearly all the epigrams in Mr. Wright's fifth section are from the Anthology of Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century who 'Bowdlerised' the old collections and added others. Two or three only are from the *Palatine Anthology*. This first is by Diotimus, almost a contemporary of Callimachus. It is a noble classic speech for a statue.

XLIV.

Here am I, very Artemis, but thou,
Seeing Zeus' true daughter here in bronze revealed,
Gaze on my maiden boldness, and allow
'For her were the whole earth mean hunting-field.'

Next is a piece of description by Plato: —

XLV.

Then came we to a shadowy grove: and lo!
Cythera's son like apples in their glow;
And he had laid his arrowy quiver by,
And his bent bow,
Hanging them from the leafy trees and high.
And there he lay among the roses sleeping
And, sleeping, smiled, while browny bees were keeping
Court to his waxen lips for honey's flow
Above where he did lie.

The little one of Parmenio is not interesting in English, but this of Agathias is beautiful (perhaps we ought to call it Mrs. Browning's). It is for a waxen Faun.

XLVI.

'All of its own accord, little Faun, does thy flute go on ringing?
Why, with ears to the reed, listenest the livelong day?'
Smiling, he holds his peace: an answer maybe had come winging,
Only he pays no heed, rapt in oblivion away.
Nay, not the wax withholds him; his whole soul, charmed with the singing,
Gives back silence for meed, silent rewarding the lay,

This fine description of Niobe and her children is the only one of Meleager's which Mr. Wright gives in this group: —

XLVII.

Daughter of Tantalus! hearken my words — a message
to mourn —
Hear from my lips the pitiful tale of thy woe!
Loosen thine hair, poor mother, that bared'st for deity's
scorn
Many a boy for Phœbus to mark with his bow.
Now not a son is left thee. Fresh horror! for what do
I see?
Out and alas! a slaughter that spares not the maid.
One in the arms of her mother, and one as she clings to
her knee,
One on the ground, and one at the breast unafraid;
One faces death with a shudder erect; one bends on
the dart;
Last, there is one that looks on the daylight alone.
Niobe, she that erewhile loved boasting, with fear at
her heart
Stands yet quick — a breathing mother of stone.

But this is the loveliest of the group, full of the care and passion of real grief: —

XLVIII.

Pericles, Archias' son! To thee they place
— For witness of thy prowess in the chase —
My column, on whose stone the sculptor sets
Thy horse, thy dog, thy spears, thy hunting-nets
Mounted on stakes, and eke the stakes alone —
Ah God! ah God! — for all are only stone!
At twenty years thou sleep'st death's sleep profound,
And undisturbed by beasts that prowl around.

I shall not do the next one of Leonidas about a drunken Anacreon. Here are two pretty ones of Meleager instead about a cup and a picture (v. 171): —

XLIX.

Bright laughs the cup — for 'I have kissed,' it saith,
'Thy lady's laughing mouth.' Too happy cup!
Oh! that, her lips to my lips, at a breath
My lady's kiss would drink my spirit up!

And (v. 149): —

L.

Ah! who hath shown my lady unto me,
Her very self, as if she spake?
Who brought to me one of the Graces three
For friendship's sake?
Full surely brings he me a joyful thing,
And for his grace the grace of thanks I bring.

But I must not give Meleager the lion's share again in this group — that is almost the last of his I shall be able to put in. These two of Plato's with which Mr. Wright finishes the section are admirably contrasted in tone, and both quite perfect. This is for a ring: —

LI.

See! five oxen graven on a jasper gem!
To the life! and feeding one and all of them.

Stay — will they not run away — the beasties? No, the fold
Of this golden circlet our little herd shall hold.

It is as fanciful as a nursery rhyme. The other is as joyous and stately as Milton.

LII.

Silent! shaggy scaur that Dryads keep.
Silent! rills adown the crags that run.
Silent! mingled bleating of the sheep —
Pan himself the piping has begun.
To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo! the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Waternymphs and woodnymphs one and all!

Mr. Wright's last section contains what I might call the epigrams of thought. The first is Palladas' — (I had almost written Shakespeare's). He was a late writer.

LIII.

All life's a stage and farce. Or learn to play,
Careless, or bear your sorrows as you may.[1]

[1] ["Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn to bear a Life of Cares."
JOHN HALL STEVENSON, 1762.]

And the next two are his also.

LIV.

Naked to earth was I brought — naked to earth I descend.
Why should I labour for nought, seeing how naked the end?

And: —

LV.

Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils, we
Live, and a little space the sunlight see —
Even all that live — each being an instrument
To which the generous air its life has lent.
If with the hand one quench our draught of breath,
He sends the stark sou shuddering down to death.
We that are nothing on our pride are fed,
Seeing, but for a little air, we are as dead.

The next beautiful one — quite Tennysonian — is attributed to Æsopus in the *Palatine Anthology*, though Mr. Wright gives it no master.

LVI.

'Is there no help from life save only death?
Life that such myriad sorrows harboureth
I dare not break, I cannot bear,' — one saith.

'Sweet are stars, sun, and moon, and sea, and earth,
For service and for beauty these had birth,
But all the rest of life is little worth —

'Yea, all the rest is pain and grief,' saith he,
'For if it hap some good thing come to me
An evil end befalls it speedily.'

This of Agathias is most charming in its *naïveté*. Certainly he is the latest of the epigrammatists. But this complaint of girls for secluded life might have been written very few years ago.

LVII.

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours —
Poor women children nurtured daintily —
For ye have comrades, when ill fortune lours,
To hearten you with talk and company;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters' shows.
But woe betide us if we stir from home —
And there our thoughts are dull enough, God knows!

The next, by Agathias too, is true now-a-days and always.

LVIII.

At this smooth marble table let us sit
And while away the time with dice a bit!
Don't crow, sir, if you win — and then, should I,
Grumble and growl 'It's all that beastly die;'
For in such trifles is man's temper plain,
And the dice test our power to self-restrain.

This one by Poseidippus, some seven hundred years earlier, has been well done by Sir

John Beaumont together with its answer, attributed to Metrodorus. I am tempted to do it again though, as it just fits a sonnet.

LIX.

Show me some path of life! The market-place
  Breeds only quarrel and hard bargainings,
  Staying at home incessant worry brings,
Of working in the fields one tires apace,
Who goes to sea a constant dread must face,
  And, if one travel, fears for precious things
  Torment — if one has none, the lacking stings —
So, rich or poor, hard is the traveller's case.

Married, what care! single, what loneliness!
Children bring sorrow — blank the childless life;
Foolish is youth, and old age listless quite.
Here lies the only choice, I must confess —
Not to be born into this world of strife,
Or straight to die, having but just seen the light.

For this next — Ptolemy's, who lived about two centuries and a half on in the Christian era — I shall borrow a turn of rhyme from Robert Browning.

LX.

I know that I am mortal and the creature of a day.
  But when I see the stars, like sand, in orbits turn alway,
As that divinest sight I heed, I spurn the earth and say
  'Now am I even as Zeus, and feed on his ambrosia.'

This is more familiar. The author is unknown, but the text is as old as Solomon.

LXI.

Drink and be merry! for what is the future and what is the morrow?
No man answereth thee. Labour not thou, neither run;
Feast as thou may'st, and do good and distribute: but let not life borrow
Any false worth, for 'to be'—'not to be'—lo! 'tis all one!
Yea, what is life? an thou take it, thy thrall. 'Tis the turn of the scale.
But, an thou lose it, another's is all—but thee nought can avail.

The last but one is a poem of Marcus Argentarius, also late, full of a beautiful hedonism.

LXII.

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
And in their measure will I dance my best,
But in no dance of man.
High on my head a crown of flowers I raise
And strike my sounding lyre in Phœbus' praise,
For this is life's best plan,
And the whole firmament were wrong
Had it no crown, no song.

This crown, this song,[1] this 'order' of life was what made Greek humanity divine. There is no more concise expression of the intimacy between daily life and ritual than that little verse contains in the heart of it. It is the most Greek but, perhaps Mr. Wright thought, not the most philosophic strain to end with, and he brings us to a full stop with Philodemus' resolutions.

LXIII.

I loved — and you. I played — who hath not been
Steeped in such play? If I was mad, I ween
'Twas for a god and for no earthly queen.

Hence with it all! Then dark my youthful head,
Where now scant locks of whitening hair, instead,
Reminders of a grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
Playtime is past, my play is ended too.
Awake, my heart! and worthier aims pursue.

There is a note of Herrick again in that. We found one of Philodemus' love-songs in the third group, and noticed its sigh of sadness, 'Poor lovers I and thou.' We saw

[1] The allusion in the poem is to the constellations of Orpheus and Ariadne — lute and crown.

that he too came from Gadara and was a contemporary of Meleager. It is strange to catch the selfsame notes ringing from the midst of that Syrian culture, which we hear echo our own longings of to-day in the poets of the golden age of Elizabeth.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

As a matter of record the earliest attempts at metrical translation into English of the Greek Anthology barely date back to 1806. In that year the Rev. Robert Bland collected what he and his friends had done in a single octavo volume which passed to its second edition in 1813. A third edition saw the light in 1833, but considerably revised and decreased. In *Blackwoods Magazine* for 1833-35 a series of articles written by Professor Wilson of "Noctes" fame still further extended this labour of love. In 1849 the Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley published his *Anthologia Polyglotta*, "a most valuable collection of the best translations and imitations in all languages, with the original text." Out of such material and from additional sources *The Greek Anthology, as selected for the use of Westminster, Eton, and other Public Schools, Literally translated into English verse chiefly by George Burges, A. M.*, was compiled and first published in Bohn's Classical Library in 1852, an excellent and handy volume that has been many times reprinted. An almost complete translation of the Anthology was also made in 1864 by Major R. G. Macgregor,

"a work of stupendous industry and fidelity, which almost redeems the general mediocrity of the execution."

The above may be said to comprise the ancient history of the Anthology in English. The following list deals with what has been accomplished within our own day and generation: in itself a convincing proof of an ever-widening interest in the subject; of scholarship combined with high poetic attainment, that invites and will amply repay our closest attention.

1.

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA: PASSAGES FROM THE GREEK POETS SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH NOTES BY THE REV. FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M. A. (16mo.) LONDON, 1899. First published in 1867 and frequently reissued it is concerned with the Greek text only. In the Notes a few translations are to be found.

2.

THE POETS OF GREECE BY EDWIN ARNOLD. (8vo.) LONDON, 1869. Never reprinted but of considerable interest. The dedication to the poet's wife contains a very beautiful quatrain:

"Flowers from Greek gardens, Fannie!—old turned new,
Doric, Æolic, Attic, planted here;
You made the happy sunshine, where they grew—
Such as the growth is, have the blossoms, Dear!"

3.

IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS: CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY RICHARD GARNETT. (Fcap 8vo.) LONDON, 1869. A later reprint of the "Epigrams" will be found in Dr. Garnett's *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*, (The Cameo Series, Fcap 8vo.), London, 1892. Dr. Garnett contributed the article on the Greek Anthology to the Ninth edition of *Encyclopædia Britannica* some time after 1873, the date of his last reference; a fact which speaks for itself as to the transient value of such compilations unless revised every few years.

4.

STUDIES FROM THE GREEK POETS BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. (2 vols., 8vo.) LONDON, 1893. The *first* edition appeared in 1873, but the *third* is the one to possess, having been revised, and augmented by a chapter containing a fairly literal translation of the "Mimes" of Herondas. For the Anthology itself see Vol. II, pp. 282-343. It would be impossible to overrate the debt of gratitude we owe the late Mr. Symonds for this fascinating book.

5.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY LORD NEAVES. (12mo.) EDINBURGH, 1874. (Ancient Classics for English Readers.) Reprinted many times here and in England. The versions drawn upon are from the older writers, Bland, Merrivale, Wilson, Hay, *et als*.

6.

AMARANTH AND ASPHODEL: SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY ALFRED J. BUTLER, M. A.

(Fcap, 8vo.) LONDON, 1881. A little book that is well worth reprinting. The Preface is most admirably written.

7.

SAPPHO: MEMOIR, TEXT, SELECTED RENDERINGS, AND A LITERAL TRANSLATION BY HENRY THORNTON WHARTON. (Fcap, 8vo.) LONDON, 1885. The second edition, 1887; the third and final edition, 1895. (This work is imported and sold by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, at $1.75 *net*.) The Sapphic fragments have been paraphrased by Michael Field in *Long Ago*, (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, 1897, at $2.00 *net*,) and are felicitous lyrical additions to the vast literature of the subject.

8.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. EDITED BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON, (now Mrs. Rosamund Marriott Watson). Sq. 16mo. LONDON, [n. d.] 1889. In this delightful little book, (unfortunately without date on title-page,—a trick that deceives no one, and is unworthy any self-respecting publisher,) twenty-seven selections are from *Chrysanthema*. It has also a series of original versions by Miss Alma Strettell one of the translators of *The Bard of the Dimborvitza*, a new edition of which last has just been issued in one volume, (Harper & Bros.).

9.

SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. EDITED WITH A REVISED TEXT, INTRODUCTION, TRANSLATION AND NOTES BY J. W. MACKAIL. (Octavo.) LONDON, 1890. The introduction to these

Select Epigrams we have several times referred to in the pages of *The Bibelot*. It is not likely to be superseded. Taken with Symonds' chapter on the Anthology, the final exquisite word would seem to have been uttered.

10.

FIFTY POEMS OF MELEAGER WITH A TRANSLATION BY WALTER HEADLAM. (Quarto.) LONDON, 1890.

11.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS: FIRST AND LAST RHYMES, BY ANDREW LANG. (12mo.) LONDON AND NEW YORK, 1892. In this edition, (which must not be confounded with the London edition of 1888,) Mr. Lang has brought together, under the title of *The Little Garland*, all of his translations from the Anthology that lie scattered in his earlier volumes of verse.

12.

GREEK POETS IN ENGLISH VERSE BY VARIOUS TRANSLATORS. EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON. (12mo.) BOSTON, 1894.

13.

GREEK LYRIC POETS: SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS BROOKS, M. A. (Fcap. 8vo.) LONDON, 1896.

14.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCÆ EROTICA: THE LOVE EPIGRAMS OF BOOK V OF THE PALATINE ANTHOLOGY, EDITED, AND PARTLY RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY W. R. PATON. (Fcap, 8vo.) LONDON, 1898.

We have traversed as will be seen somewhat wider ground than the Anthology occupies, by including several titles of books dealing with Greek lyrics in general, — not a complete list by any means but one that we believe will be of service to *Bibelot* readers.

A LITTLE CYCLE
of
GREEK LYRICS.

"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead."

FROM MELEAGER.

I.

THE windy winter from the sky is gone,
The purple springtime brings the flowers with glee,
The wan earth puts her grassy garland on,
And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.
Fed by soft dewdrops of the genial dawn,
With opening roses all the meadows smile;
Clear pipes the shepherd on the mountain-lawn,
And grey-haired kids the goat-herd's heart beguile.
Now o'er the sea's broad back the sailors fare,
Unwearied Zephyr fills the swelling sail;
Now, wreaths of clustering ivy in their hair,
To the grape-giver Bacchants shout all hail;
New-born from out the teeming heifer's womb
The hivèd bees their curious labour ply,
And in the fretted hollows of the comb,
The white fresh-flowing honeydrops lay by.
Now every tribe of birds sings clear and shrill,
The twitt'ring household swallow in the dale,
The halcyon and the swan on wave and rill,
And shadow'd in the grove the nightingale.
If then the forest boughs and leaves rejoice,
If earth has burgeon'd and the shepherd sings,
And fleecy flocks make merry with one voice,
And sailors go on their sea-wanderings,

When Dionysus leads his jocund quire,
And winged songsters tune their various lay,
And bees go labouring on and never tire,
Why shall the singer only not be gay?

II.

I WILL twine the violet,
And with soft narcissus set
Laughing lilies, and with these
Myrtles and sweet crocuses,
Hyacinth that purple blows,
And the lover-loving rose.
These for garland will I pour
On thy head, my Heliodore,
On thy locks of curling hair,
On thy tresses sweet with myrrh.

III.

Now white violets blow, and blows
The narcissus in the showers,
And the mountain-wandering
Lily, and at last the rose
Loving lovers, even she,
Peitho's child, Zenophile,
Flower of spring and flower of flowers,
Buddeth, sweetly blossoming.
Meadows, tho' your flowers are bright,
Tho' you laugh, your laugh is light,
For the maid is rarer far
Than your sweetest garlands are.

IV.

BRIDEGROOM none but death alone
Has my Clearista won,
So to loose her virgin zone.

Yester eve the flutes blew sweet,
Bridegroom and the bride to greet,
And the bridal doors were beat.

Now at dawn they sound again,
But another sadder strain,
Hymen's song is hushed in pain;

And the torch that flared so gay,
Lighting up her bride's array,
Lit the dead her downward way.

V.

PHOSPHOR, farewell, thou herald of the dawn,
And, swiftly gone,
As Hesper come, and bring back her, I pray,
Thou steal'st away.

VI.

O POUR the wine, and as you pour,
Say *Heliodore*, *Heliodore*,
Ever and ever, o'er and o'er.

And bring a chaplet for my hair,
Yesterday's chaplet, sweet with myrrh,
To wear in memory of her.

Ah, look, the lover's rose distrest,
Is weeping now to see her rest
Otherwhere, not upon my breast.

VII.

TEARS, bitter tears, all I can give,
Tears to the depths, to thee I pour,
To thee in Hades, Heliodore,
All of my love that there may live.

Tears, bitter tears, I pour to thee,
Tears of libation, wept above
Thy tomb, in memory of my love,
In memory of thy love to me.

Ah, with what sighs, with what tears shed,
I, Meleager, mourn thy face,
To Acheron a bootless grace,
To me still dear among the dead.

Alas, my blossom, whither must
I seek thee now? Hades it is,
Hades hath snatched away my bliss,
And trod the perfect flower to dust.

Yet shall not tears disturb thy rest.
Rather, I pray thee, mother earth,
Our mother thou, who gav'st us birth,
To fold her gently to thy breast.

VIII.

Love I cry, the truant love.
Now, but now at break of day,
Did he from his couch remove,
Spread his wings and fly away.

Ever-prattling is the child,
Sweetly-tearful, laughing-sly,
Quiver-girt, of spirit wild,
Swift of foot and swift to fly.

Who his father none can tell,
Heaven and earth profess to me
They are not responsible
For this brave; so says the sea.

All men hate him everywhere.
Look you well in every part,
Lest unseen he lay a snare,
Gentle hearer, for your heart.

Ah, the archer! there he lies,
Hid beneath my mistress' brow,
In the shadow of her eyes,
Darting at me even now.

IX.

Drink deep, wan lover, ay, drink deep,
In Bromius' gift thy senses steep,
And lull thy hopeless flame to sleep.

Drink deep, a full deep butt of wine,
And let the heart's true anodyne
Thrust forth this hateful love of thine.

X.

SWEET on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady,
  Sweet is thy song, and on the viol sweet.
I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me,
  And leave no breathing-space, no not one whit,
Or song or grace or beauty breathe desire
Or all at once, so I am all on fire.

FROM SAPPHO.

WHEN thou fallest in death, dead thou shalt lie,
nor shall thy memory
Henceforth ever again ever be heard then or in days
to be,
Since no flowers upon earth ever were thine, plucked
from Pieria's spring,
Unknown also mid hell's shadowy throng thou shalt
go wandering.

FROM ALCMAN.

MAIDENS with voices like honey for sweetness that
breathe desire,
Would that I were a sea-bird with limbs that could
never tire,
Over the foam-flowers flying with halcyons ever on
wing,
Keeping a careless heart, a sea-blue bird of the spring.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

O IF swift ships had never, had never sailed the sea,
Poor child of Diocleides, we had not wept for thee
But now thy body is drifting on some unknown abyss,
And this thy name and empty tomb is all of Sopolis.

FROM MENANDER.

TO B. N.

HIM I call happiest, Parmeno,
Who having seen this solemn show,
The common sun, the clouds, the sea,
The stars and fire, not painfully,
Goes quickly back from whence he came.
For you would see them still the same
If you abode for two or three
Short years, or for a century;
But grander sights you would not see.

FROM LEONIDAS.

TO A. H. B.

Now is the time to sail, for home
The twittering swallow now has come,
And Zephyr bloweth graciously.
Yea, and the meads are fair to see,
With spring-flowers, and the ocean still,
Where late the fierce winds worked their will,
And the wild wind went winnowing.
Heave up the anchor. Shoreward fling
The hawser, pilot, and make sail
With canvas spread for every gale.
'Tis I Priapus bid thee this,
O man, whose charge the harbour is,
So may'st thou sail to every sea,
And bring thy merchandise with thee.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

I.

HAVE a care of life, O man,
Seeing how small is all its span.
In the season of fierce weather,
Put not out to sea,
Lest thou perish as did he,
Ship and man together.
For he hasted without care
To bring home his Syrian ware,
Home to Thasos beautiful —
Cleonicus miserable!
When the Pleiades gan sink
He put forth on stormy seas,
But never reached the further brink,
Sinking with the Pleiades.

II.

White Daphnis, he who pipes so clear
The songs our sheperds love to hear,
Offers to Pan these little wares,
Pierced reeds, a stick to throw at hares,
Sharp hunting spear and brown fawnskin,
And scrip he carried apples in.

A VINTAGE SONG.

FROM AGATHIAS.

As we trod thy wine-press, Iacchus, the bountiful infinite wonder,
Weaving a song to charm with the rhythmic fall of our feet,
Flowed the ineffable stream as a swoln wave flowing thereunder,
Danced our ivy-wood goblets like boats on the surges sweet.
And we said no Naiad should break the bond of our chorus asunder,
As we drew from the vat and drank and were filled with the Bacchic heat.

But sudden over the must there lightened a splendour of roses,
Rosier-red than the wine was the maiden bending above,
And our hearts bound fast in the net where Bacchus his lovers encloses,
Were bound more fast than before in the pitiless fetters of love.
Ah! but there at our feet the abundant river reposes,
And vain desire is all that the rose's lover can prove.

THE SWALLOW SONG.

SUNG BY GREEK BOYS FROM DOOR TO DOOR WHEN THE FIRST SWALLOW CAME OVERSEA.

COME, come is the swallow,
With fair spring to follow.
She and the fair weather
Are come along together.
White is her breast,
And black all the rest.

Roll us a cake
Out of the door
From your rich store
For the swallows' sake, —
And wine in a flasket
And cheese in a basket
And wheat-bread and rye,
These the swallow will not put by.

Will you give us or shall we go?
If you will, why rest you so;
But an if you shall say us nay
Then we will carry the door away,
Or the lintel above it, or easiest of all
Your wife within, for she is but small.
Give us our need
And take God speed.
Open door to the swallow then,
For we are children and not old men.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

I.

My fortune circles ever in the pace
Of God's revolving wheel,
And all its nature changes with its place.

Like as for no two nights the moon's wan face
Can keep the same form still;
But first from out the unseen to birth is brought,
Then grows in grace and night by night enspheres,
Till when the fulness of her prime appears,
She dwindles back and comes again to naught.

II.

Like as in winter when the frosts appear,
The children love to play amid the snow,
And in their little fingers without fear
They take the ice that was the water's flow,
And feel a keen delight they did not know;
But soon the crystal ginneth them to smart,
And they ne wis to hold it ne forego.
So oftentimes a gentle lover's heart
Is lief to ease his woe, yet loth with bliss to part.

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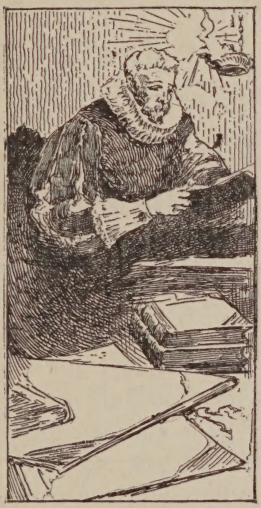

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The Bibelot

I.

"THE *old Saxony clock, which is slow, and which strikes thirteen amid its flowers and gods, to whom did it belong? Thinkest that it came from Saxony by the mail coaches of old time?*

"(*Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes.*)

"*And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work; what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and, perhaps, if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.*

"*Wicked one, thou often sayest wicked things.*

"(*I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.*)

"*Our wardrobe is very old; see how the fire reddens its sad panels! the weary curtains are as old, and the tapestry on the arm-chairs stripped of paint, and the old engravings, and all these old things. Does it not seem to thee that even these blue birds are discoloured by time?*

"(*Dream not of the spiders' webs that tremble above the lofty windows.*)

" Thou lovest all that, and that is why I live by thee. When one of my poems appeared, didst thou not desire, my sister, whose looks are full of yesterdays, the words, the grace of faded things? New objects displease thee; thee also do they frighten with their loud boldness, and thou feelest as if thou shouldest use them — a difficult thing indeed to do, for thou hast no taste for action.

" Come, close thy old German almanack that thou readest with attention, though it appeared more than a hundred years ago, and the Kings it announces are all dead, and, lying on this antique carpet, my head leaned upon thy charitable knees, on the pale robe, oh! calm child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture.

" Thou art abstracted?

" (The spiders' webs are shivering above the lofty windows.)"

II.

Fifteen years ago this version of what Mr. Edmund Gosse has felicitously called " the wholly fantastic and nebulous reverie of archaic elegances evoked by the ticking of a clock of Dresden china," entitled in

the original French Frisson d'Hiver, *and found toward the close of much banal and brutal utterance in certain* Confessions of a Young Man, *in turn culled from a source that was both new and strange to us, struck a thin, faint elfin note of music unlike anything else heard before that time in English literature.*

Since then the work of Mr. George Moore has come to something like a well deserved recognition in England and America, whereas, with the exceptions presently to be noted, the name and fame of Stéphane Mallarmé remain very much as they were in the year of grace 1888.[1]

As a matter of record the first study of Mallarmé in English was printed by Mr. Edmund Gosse in 1893, with a confirmation by the poet of his critic's interpretation: "His aim . . . is to use words in such harmonious combination as to suggest to the reader a mood or condition which is not mentioned in the text, *but is nevertheless in the poet's mind at the moment of*

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1 *Two years later a delicate little collection "from the French"* — Pastels in Prose translated by Stuart Merrill with an Introduction by William Dean Howells (*New York, 1890*) *was put forth, containing the two selections given by us from Mallarmé's* Pages *and including a score or so of other literary aquarellists.*

composition." *There are six years more of silence and then, we come to Mr. Arthur Symons'* The Symbolist Movement in Literature, (*1899*), *already drawn upon by us for a study of Gérard de Nerval,*[2] *which should be reread in connexion with this essay upon Mallarmé. As summed up in a single sentence in Mr. Symons' Introduction: "All the art of Verlaine is in bringing verse to a bird's song, the art of Mallarmé is bringing verse to the song of the orchestra."* [3]

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2 *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. VII, pp. 41-47.*

3 *See* Lyrics from Paul Verlaine *in* The Bibelot, *Vol. IV, pp. 53-84. See also* French Portraits: being the Appreciations of the Writers of Young France by Vance Thompson, (*Boston, 1900,*) *pp. 11–23.*

FOR APRIL:
LYRICS
By
ARTHUR SYMONS.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ
By
ARTHUR SYMONS.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

(1842—1898.)

Le Corbeau (traduit de Poe), 1875; *La Dernière Mode*, 1875; *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, 1876; *Vathek de Beckford*, 1876; *Petite Philologie à l'Usage des Classes et du Monde: Les Mots Anglais*, 1877; *Poésies Complètes* (photogravées sur le manuscrit), 1887; *Les Poèmes de Poe*, 1888; *Le Ten o'Clock de M. Whistler*, 1888; *Pages*, 1891; *Les Miens: Villiers de l'Isle-Adam*, 1892; *Vers et Prose*, 1892; *La Musique et les Lettres* (Oxford, Cambridge), 1894; *Divagations*, 1897; *Poésies*, 1899.

See, on this difficult subject, Edmund Gosse, *Questions at Issue*, 1893, in which will be found the first study of Mallarmé that appeared in English; and Vittorio Pica, *Letteratura d'Eccezione*, 1899, which contains a carefully-documented study of more than a hundred pages. There is a translation of the poem called "Fleurs" in Mr. John Gray's *Silverpoints*, 1893, and my translation of "Hérodiade" is about to appear in *Images of Good and Evil*.[1] Several of the poems in prose have been translated into English; my translation of the "Plainte d'Automne," contained in this volume, was made in momentary forgetfulness that the same poem in prose had already been translated by Mr. George Moore in *Confessions of a Young Man*. Mr. Moore also translated "Le Phénomène Futur" in the *Savoy*, July, 1896.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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1 This has since been published.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

I.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ was one of those who love literature too much to write it except by fragments; in whom the desire of perfection brings its own defeat. With either more or less ambition he would have done more to achieve himself; he was always divided between an absolute aim at the absolute, that is, the unattainable, and a too logical disdain for the compromise by which, after all, literature is literature. Carry the theories of Mallarmé to a practical conclusion, multiply his powers in a direct ratio, and you have Wagner. It is his failure not to be Wagner. And, Wagner having existed, it was for him to be something more, to complete Wagner. Well, not being able to be that, it was a matter of sincere indifference to him whether he left one or two little, limited masterpieces of formal verse and prose, the more or the less. It was "the work" that he dreamed of, the new art, more than a new religion, whose precise form in the world he was never quite able to settle.

Un auteur difficile, in the phrase of M. Catulle Mendès, it has always been to what

he himself calls "a labyrinth illuminated by flowers" that Mallarmé has felt it due to their own dignity to invite his readers. To their own dignity, and also to his. Mallarmé was obscure, not so much because he wrote differently, as because he thought differently, from other people. His mind was elliptical, and, relying with undue confidence on the intelligence of his readers, he emphasised the effect of what was unlike other people in his mind by resolutely ignoring even the links of connection that existed between them. Never having aimed at popularity, he never needed, as most writers need, to make the first advances. He made neither intrusion upon nor concession to those who, after all, were not obliged to read him. And when he spoke, he considered it neither needful nor seemly to listen in order to hear whether he was heard. To the charge of obscurity he replied, with sufficient disdain, that there are many who do not know how to read — except the newspaper, he adds, in one of those disconcerting, oddly-printed parentheses, which make his work, to those who rightly apprehend it, so full of wise limitations, so safe from hasty or seemingly

final conclusions. No one in our time has more significantly vindicated the supreme right of the artist in the aristocracy of letters; wilfully, perhaps, not always wisely, but nobly, logically. Has not every artist shrunk from that making of himself "a motley to the view," that handing over of his naked soul to the laughter of the multitude? But who, in our time, has wrought so subtle a veil, shining on this side, where the few are, a thick cloud on the other, where are the many? The oracles have always had the wisdom to hide their secrets in the obscurity of many meanings, or of what has seemed meaningless; and might it not, after all, be the finest epitaph for a self-respecting man of letters to be able to say, even after the writing of many books: I have kept my secret, I have not betrayed myself to the multitude?

But to Mallarmé, certainly, there might be applied the significant warning of Rossetti:

Yet woe to thee if once thou yield
Unto the act of doing nought!

After a life of persistent devotion to literature, he has left enough poems to make a single small volume (less, certainly, than a hundred

poems in all), a single volume of prose, a few pamphlets, and a prose translation of the poems of Poe. It is because among these there are masterpieces, poems which are among the most beautiful poems written in our time, prose which has all the subtlest qualities of prose, that, quitting the abstract point of view, we are forced to regret the fatal enchantments, fatal for him, of theories which are so greatly needed by others, so valuable for our instruction, if we are only a little careful in putting them into practice.

In estimating the significance of Stéphane Mallarmé, it is necessary to take into account not only his verse and prose, but, almost more than these, the Tuesdays of the Rue de Rome, in which he gave himself freely to more than one generation. No one who has ever climbed those four flights of stairs will have forgotten the narrow, homely interior, elegant with a sort of scrupulous Dutch comfort; the heavy, carved furniture, the tall clock, the portraits, Manet's, Whistler's, on the walls; the table on which the china bowl, odorous with tobacco, was pushed from hand to hand; above all, the rocking-chair, Mallarmé's, from which he would rise quietly,

to stand leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, while one hand, the hand which did not hold the cigarette, would sketch out one of those familiar gestures: *un peu de prêtre, un peu de danseuse* (in M. Rodenbach's admirable phrase), *avec lesquels il avait l'air chaque fois d'*entrer *dans la conversation, comme on entre en scène.* One of the best talkers of our time, he was, unlike most other fine talkers, harmonious with his own theories in giving no monologues, in allowing every liberty to his guests, to the conversation; in his perfect readiness to follow the slightest indication, to embroider upon any frame, with any material presented to him. There would have been something almost of the challenge of the improvisatore in this easily moved alertness of mental attitude, had it not been for the singular gentleness with which Mallarmé's intelligence moved, in these considerable feats, with the half-apologetic negligence of the perfect acrobat. He seemed to be no more than brushing the dust off your own ideas, settling, arranging them a little, before he gave them back to you, surprisingly luminous. It was only afterwards that you realised how small had been your

own part in the matter, as well as what it meant to have enlightened without dazzling you. But there was always the feeling of comradeship, the comradeship of a master, whom, while you were there at least, you did not question; and that very feeling lifted you, in your own estimation, nearer to art.

Invaluable, it seems to me, those Tuesdays must have been to the young men of two generations who had been making French literature; they were unique, certainly, in the experience of the young Englishman who was always so cordially received there, with so flattering a cordiality. Here was a house in which art, literature, was the very atmosphere, a religious atmosphere; and the master of the house, in his just a little solemn simplicity, a priest. I never heard the price of a book mentioned, or the number of thousand francs which a popular author had been paid for his last volume; here, in this one literary house, literature was unknown as a trade. And, above all, the questions that were discussed were never, at least, in Mallarmé's treatment, in his guidance of them, other than essential questions, considerations of art in the abstract, of literature before it

coagulates into a book, of life as its amusing and various web spins the stuff of art. When, indeed, the conversation, by some untimely hazard, drifted too near to one, became for a moment, perhaps inconveniently, practical, it was Mallarmé's solicitous politeness to wait, a little constrained, almost uneasy, rolling his cigarette in silence, until the disturbing moment had passed.

There were other disturbing moments, sometimes. I remember one night, rather late, the sudden irruption of M. de Heredia, coming on after a dinner-party, and seating himself, in his well-filled evening dress, precisely in Mallarmé's favourite chair. He was intensely amusing, voluble, floridly vehement; Mallarmé, I am sure, was delighted to see him; but the loud voice was a little trying to his nerves, and then he did not know what to do without his chair. He was like a cat that has been turned out of its favourite corner, as he roamed uneasily about the room, resting an unaccustomed elbow on the sideboard, visibly at a disadvantage.

For the attitude of those young men, some of them no longer exactly young, who frequented the Tuesdays, was certainly the

attitude of the disciple. Mallarmé never exacted it, he seemed never to notice it; yet it meant to him, all the same, a good deal; as it meant, and in the best sense, a good deal to them. He loved art with a supreme disinterestedness, and it was for the sake of art that he wished to be really a master. For he knew that he had something to teach, that he had found out some secrets worth knowing, that he had discovered a point of view which he could to some degree perpetuate in those young men who listened to him. And to them this free kind of apprenticeship was, beyond all that it gave in direct counsels, in the pattern of work, a noble influence. Mallarmé's quiet, laborious life was for some of them the only counterpoise to the Bohemian example of the *d'Harcourt* or the *Taverne*, where art is loved, but with something of haste, in a very changing devotion. It was impossible to come away from Mallarmé's without some tranquillising influence from that quiet place, some impersonal ambition towards excellence, the resolve, at least, to write a sonnet, a page of prose, that should be in its own way as perfect as one could make it, worthy of Mallarmé.

II.

"POETRY," said Mallarmé, "is the language of a state of crisis"; and all his poems are the evocation of a passing ecstasy, arrested in mid-flight. This ecstasy is never the mere instinctive cry of the heart, the simple human joy or sorrow, which, like the Parnassians, but for not quite the same reason, he did not admit in poetry. It is a mental transposition of emotion or sensation, veiled with atmosphere, and becoming, as it becomes a poem, pure beauty. Here, for instance, in a poem which I have translated line for line, and almost word for word, a delicate emotion, a figure vaguely divined, a landscape magically evoked, blend in a single effect.

SIGH.

My soul, calm sister, towards thy brow, whereon scarce griewes
An autumn strewn already with its russet leaves,
And towards the wandering sky of thine angelic eyes,
Mounts, as in melancholy gardens may arise
Some faithful fountain sighing whitely towards the blue!
— Towards the blue pale and pure that sad October knew,
When, in those depths, it mirrored languors infinite,
And agonising leaves upon the waters white,
Windily drifting, traced a furrow cold and dun,
Where, in one long last ray, lingered the yellow sun.

Another poem comes a little closer to nature, but with what exquisite precautions, and with what surprising novelty in its unhesitating touch on actual things!

SEA-WIND.

The flesh is sad, alas! and all the books are read.
Flight, only flight! I feel that birds are wild to tread
The floor of unknown foam, and to attain the skies!
Nought, neither ancient gardens mirrored in the eyes,
Shall hold this heart that bathes in waters its delight,
O nights! nor yet my waking lamp, whose lonely light
Shadows the vacant paper, whiteness profits best,
Nor the young wife who rocks her baby on her breast.
I will depart. O steamer, swaying rope and spar,
Lift anchor for exotic lands that lie afar!
A weariness, outworn by cruel hopes, still clings
To the last farewell handkerchief's last beckonings!
And are not these, the masts inviting storms, not these
That an awakening wind bends over wrecking seas,
Lost, not a sail, a sail, a flowering isle, ere long?
But, O my heart, hear thou, hear thou the sailors' song!

These (need I say?) belong to the earlier period, in which Mallarmé had not yet withdrawn his light into the cloud; and to the same period belong the prose-poems, one of which, perhaps the most exquisite, I will translate here.

"AUTUMN LAMENT

"Ever since Maria left me, for another star —which? Orion, Altair, or thou, green Venus?—I have always cherished solitude. How many long days I have passed, alone with my cat! By *alone*, I mean without a material being, and my cat is a mystical companion, a spirit. I may say, then, that I have passed long days alone with my cat, and alone, with one of the last writers of the Roman decadence; for since the white creature is no more, strangely and singularly, I have loved all that may be summed up in the word: fall. Thus, in the year, my favourite season is during those last languid summer days which come just before the autumn; and, in the day, the hour when I take my walk is the hour when the sun lingers before fading, with rays of copper-yellow on the grey walls, and of copper-red on the window-panes. And, just so, the literature from which my soul demands delight must be the poetry dying out of the last moments of Rome, provided, nevertheless, that it breathes nothing of the rejuvenating approach of the Barbarians, and does not stammer the infantile Latin of the first Christian prose.

"I read, then, one of those beloved poems (whose streaks of rouge have more charm for me than the fresh cheek of youth), and buried my hand in the fur of the pure animal, when a barrel-organ began to sing, languishingly and melancholy, under my window. It played in the long alley of poplars, whose leaves seem mournful to me even in spring, since Maria passed that way with the tapers, for the last time. Yes, sad people's instrument, truly: the piano glitters, the violin brings one's torn fibres to the light, but the barrel-organ, in the twilight of memory, has set me despairingly dreaming. While it murmured a gaily vulgar air, such as puts mirth into the heart of the suburbs, an old-fashioned, and empty air, how came it that its refrain went to my very soul, and made me weep like a romantic ballad? I drank it in, and I did not throw a penny out of the window, for fear of disturbing my own impression, and of perceiving that the instrument was not singing by itself."

Between these characteristic, clear, and beautiful poems, in verse and in prose, and the opaque darkness of the later writings, come one or two poems, perhaps the finest of all,

in which already clearness is "a secondary grace," but in which a subtle rapture finds incomparable expression. *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Hérondiade* have already been introduced, in different ways, to English readers: the former by Mr. Gosse, in a detailed analysis;[1] the second I have trans-

[1] "This is what I read in it: A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the "arid rain" of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder? Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps!

Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So, when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will now never

lated in the last number of the *Savoy*. In these two poems I find Mallarmé at the moment when his own desire achieves itself; when he attains Wagner's ideal, that "the most complete work of the poet should be that which, in its final achievement, becomes a perfect music": every word is a jewel, scattering and recapturing sudden fire, every image is a symbol, and the whole poem is visible music. After this point began that fatal "last period" which comes to most artists who have thought too curiously, or dreamed too remote dreams, or followed a too wandering beauty. Mallarmé had long been only too conscious that all publication is "almost a speculation, on one's modesty, for one's silence"; that "to unclench the fists, breaking one's sedentary dream, for a ruffling face to face with the idea," was after all unnecessary to his own conception of himself, a mere way of convincing the public that one exists; and having achieved, as he

know which it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep."

EDMUND GOSSE.

thought, "the right to abstain from doing anything exceptional," he devoted himself, doubly, to silence. Seldom condescending to write, he wrote now only for himself, and in a manner which certainly saved him from intrusion. Some of Mr. Meredith's poems, and occasional passages of his prose, can alone give in English some faint idea of the later prose and verse of Mallarmé. The verse could not, I think, be translated; of the prose, in which an extreme lucidity of thought comes to us but glimmeringly through the entanglements of a construction, part Latin, part English, I shall endeavour to translate some fragments, in speaking of the theoretic writings, contained in the two volumes of *Vers et Prose* and *Divagations*.

III.

It is the distinction of Mallarmé to have aspired after an impossible liberation of the soul of literature from what is fretting and constraining in "the body of that death," which is the mere literature of words. Words, he has realised, are of value only as a notation of the free breath of the spirit; words, therefore, must be employed with an extreme care, in their choice and adjustment, in setting them to reflect and chime upon one another; yet least of all for their own sake, for what they can never, except by suggestion, express. "Every soul is a melody," he has said, "which needs to be readjusted; and for that are the flute or viol of each." The word, treated indeed with a kind of "adoration," as he says, is so regarded in a magnificent sense, in which it is apprehended as a living thing, itself the vision rather than the reality; at least the philtre of the evocation. The word, chosen as he chooses it, is for him a liberating principle, by which the spirit is extracted from matter; takes form, perhaps assumes immortality. Thus an artificiality even, in the use of words, that seeming artificiality which comes from using words as

if they had never been used before, that chimerical search after the virginity of language, is but the paradoxical outward sign of an extreme discontent with even the best of their service. Writers who use words fluently, seeming to disregard their importance, do so from an unconscious confidence in their expressiveness, which the scrupulous thinker, the precise dreamer, can never place in the most carefully chosen among them. To evoke, by some elaborate, instantaneous magic of language, without the formality of an after all impossible description; to be, rather than to express: that is what Mallarmé has consistently, and from the first, sought in verse and prose. And he has sought this wandering, illusive, beckoning butterfly, the soul of dreams, over more and more entangled ground; and it has led him into the depths of many forests, far from the sunlight. To say that he has found what he sought is impossible; but (is it possible to avoid saying?) how heroic a search, and what marvellous discoveries by the way!

I think I understand, though I cannot claim his own authority for my supposition, the way in which Mallarmé wrote verse,

and the reason why it became more and more abstruse, more and more unintelligible. Remember his principle: that to name is to destroy, to suggest is to create. Note, further, that he condemns the inclusion in verse of anything but, "for example, the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder afloat in the leaves; not the intrinsic, dense wood of the trees." He has received, then, a mental sensation: let it be the horror of the forest. This sensation begins to form in his brain, at first probably no more than a rhythm, absolutely without words. Gradually thought begins to concentrate itself (but with an extreme care, lest it should break the tension on which all depends) upon the sensation, already struggling to find its own consciousness. Delicately, stealthily, with infinitely timid precaution, words present themselves, at first in silence. Every word seems like a desecration, seems, the clearer it is, to throw back the original sensation farther and farther into the darkness. But, guided always by the rhythm, which is the executive soul (as, in Aristotle's definition, the soul is the form of the body), words come slowly, one by one, shaping the message.

Imagine the poem already written down, at least composed. In its very imperfection, it is clear, it shows the links by which it has been riveted together; the whole process of its construction can be studied. Now most writers would be content; but with Mallarmé the work has only begun. In the final result there must be no sign of the making, there must be only the thing made. He works over it, word by word, changing a word here, for its colour, which is not precisely the colour required, a word there, for the break it makes in the music. A new image occurs to him, rarer, subtler, than the one he has used; the image is transferred. By the time the poem has reached, as it seems to him, a flawless unity, the steps of the progress have been only too effectually effaced; and while the poet, who has seen the thing from the beginning, still sees the relation of point to point, the reader, who comes to it only in its final stage, finds himself in a not unnatural bewilderment. Pursue this manner of writing to its ultimate development; start with an enigma, and then withdraw the key of the enigma; and you arrive, easily, at the frozen impenetrability of those latest sonnets,

in which the absence of all punctuation is scarcely a recognisable hindrance.

That, I fancy to myself, was his actual way of writing; here, in what I prefer to give as a corollary, is the theory. "Symbolist, Decadent, or Mystic, the schools thus called by themselves, or thus hastily labelled by our information-press, adopt, for meeting-place, the point of an Idealism which (similarly as in fugues, in sonatas) rejects the 'natural' materials, and, as brutal, a direct thought ordering them; to retain no more than suggestion. To be instituted, a relation between images, exact; and that therefrom should detach itself a third aspect, fusible and clear, offered to the divination. Abolished, the pretension, æsthetically an error, despite its dominion over almost all the masterpieces, to enclose within the subtle paper other than, for example, the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder afloat in the leaves; not the intrinsic, dense wood of the trees. Some few bursts of personal pride, veridically trumpeted, awaken the architecture of the palace, alone habitable; not of stone, on which the pages would close but ill." For example (it is his own): "I say: a

flower! and out of the oblivion to which my voice consigns every contour, so far as anything save the known calyx, musically arises, idea, and exquisite, the one flower absent from all boquets." "The pure work," then, "implies the elocutionary disappearance of the poet, who yields place to the words, immobilised by the shock of their inequality; they take light from mutual reflection, like an actual trail of fire over precious stones, replacing the old lyric afflatus or the enthusiastic personal direction of the phrase." "The verse which out of many vocables remakes an entire word, new, unknown to the language, and as if magical, attains this isolation of speech." Whence, it being "music which rejoins verse, to form, since Wagner, Poetry," the final conclusion: "That we are now precisely at the moment of seeking, before that breaking up of the large rhythms of literature, and their scattering in articulate, almost instrumental, nervous waves, an art which shall complete the transposition, into the Book, of the symphony, or simply recapture our own: for, it is not in elementary sonorities of brass, strings, wood, unquestionably, but in the intellectual word

at its utmost, that, fully and evidently, we should find, drawing to itself all the correspondences of the universe, the supreme Music."

Here, literally translated, in exactly the arrangement of the original, are some passages out of the theoretic writings, which I have brought together, to indicate what seem to me the main lines of Mallarmé's doctrine. It is the doctrine which, as I have already said, had been divined by Gérard de Nerval; but what, in Gérard, was pure vision, becomes in Mallarmé a logical sequence of meditation. Mallarmé was not a mystic, to whom anything came unconsciously; he was a thinker, in whom an extraordinary subtlety of mind was exercised on always explicit, though by no means the common, problems. "A seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all," he pursued his search with unwearying persistence, with a sharp mental division of dream and idea, certainly very lucid to himself, however he may have failed to render his expression clear to others. And I, for one, cannot doubt that he was, for the most part, entirely right in his statement and

analysis of the new conditions under which we are now privileged or condemned to write. His obscurity was partly his failure to carry out the spirit of his own directions; but, apart from obscurity, which we may all be fortunate enough to escape, is it possible for a writer, at the present day, to be quite simple, with the old, objective simplicity, in either thought or expression? To be *naïf*, to be archaic, is not to be either natural or simple; I affirm that is not natural to be what is called "natural" any longer. We have no longer the mental attitude of those to whom a story was but a story, and all stories good; we have realised, since it was proved to us by Poe, not merely that the age of epics is past, but that no long poem was ever written; the finest long poem in the world being but a series of short poems linked together by prose. And, naturally, we can no longer write what we can no longer accept. Symbolism, implicit in all literature from the beginning, as it is implicit in the very words we use, comes to us now, at last quite conscious of itself, offering us the only escape from our many imprisonments. We find a new, an older,

sense in the so worn out forms of things; the world, which we can no longer believe in as the satisfying material object it was to our grandparents, becomes transfigured with a new light; words, which long usage had darkened almost out of recognition, take fresh lustre. And it is on the lines of that spiritualising of the word, that perfecting of form in its capacity for allusion and suggestion, that confidence in the eternal correspondences between the visible and the invisible universe, which Mallarmé taught, and too intermittently practised, that literature must now move, if it is in any sense to move forward.

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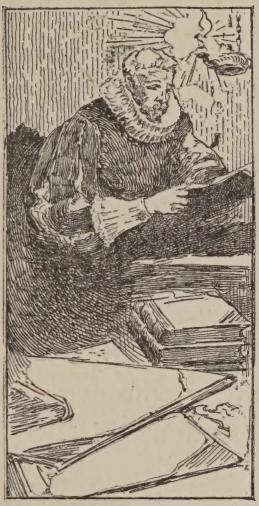

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Amoris Victima, *1897;* Images of G
and Evil, *1899.*" *To this we may*
that few poets have shown the courage
their convictions to the extent of alm
entirely suppressing the contents of t
earliest volume; indeed, no finer study
the self-restraint of a growing artistic c
science can be found than in a min
comparison of Mr. Symons' first editi
with what he cares to retain in his final
volumes lying before us.[2]

What we have given is briefly sum
rized. The first section comprises a n
or less imaginary sequence of love lyr
the miscellaneous poems are bound toget
by no such slight association but aim
present as wide a variety of subject as p
sible. Both divisions are entirely subjec
in treatment, and whatever judgment m
be ultimately passed upon them, are ess
tially the product of moods of moderni
passionate introspections born of a
that has taken flight, which are part
parcel of To-day and may long outlast

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the moth die of me? I am the flame
Beauty, and I burn that all may see
auty, and I have neither joy nor shame,
t live with that clear light of perfect fire
hich is to men the death of their desire.

n Yseult and Helen, I have seen
y burn, and the most loving knight lie dead.
e world has been my mirror, time has been
breath upon the glass; and men have said,
ge after age, in rapture and despair,
e's poor few words, before my image there.

ve, and am immortal; in my eyes
e sorrow of the world, and on my lips
e joy of life, mingle to make me wise;
now the day is darkened with eclipse:
ho is there lives for beauty? Still am I
e torch, but where's the moth that still dares die?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

FOUNTAIN COURT.

à Arthur Symons.

La cour de la fontaine est, dans le Temple,
Un coin exquis de ce coin délicat
Du Londres vieux où le jeune avocat
Apprend l'étroite Loi, puis le Droit ample :

Des arbres moins anciens (mais vieux, sans faute)
Que les maisons d'aspect ancien très bien
Et la noire chapelle au plus ancien
Encore galbe, aujourd'hui . . . table d'hôte . . .

Des moineaux francs picorent joliment
— Car c'est l'hiver — la baie un peu moisie
Sur la branche précaire, et — poésie !
La jeune Anglaise à l'Anglais âgé ment . . .

Qu'importe ! Ils ont raison, et nous aussi,
Symons, d'aimer les vers et la musique
Et tout l'art, et l'argent mélancholique
D'être si vite envolé, vil souci !

" Et le jet d'eau ride l'humble bassin "
Comme chantait, quand il avait votre âge,
L'auteur de ces vers-ci, débris d'orage,
Ruine, épave, au vague et lent dessin.

PAUL VERLAINE.

Londres, Novembre, 1894.

I.

LOVE POEMS.

WANDERER'S SONG.

I HAVE had enough of women, and enough of love,
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and day and night is enough;
Give me a long white road, and the grey wide path of the sea,
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the heartache still in me.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold for strife?
I have loved much and wept much, but tears and love are not life;
The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to my blood cries up,
And the sun shines and the road shines, and the wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough of mirth,
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's soon to the ends of the earth;

And it's then good-night and to bed, and
if heels or heart ache,
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and
sleep too deep to wake.

AT SEVENTEEN.

You were a child, and liked me, yesterday.
To-day you are a woman, and perhaps
Those softer eyes betoken the sweet lapse
Of liking into loving: who shall say?
Only I know that there can be for us
No liking more, nor any kisses now,
But they shall wake sweet shame upon your brow
Sweetly, or in a rose calamitous.

Trembling upon the verge of some new dawn
You stand, as if awakened out of sleep,
And it is I who cried to you, "Arise!"
I who would fain call back the child that's gone,
And what you lost for me would have you keep,
Fearing to meet the woman of your eyes.

MEMORY.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know
That shall waft me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro,
Fragrant memories: fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining,
A hid sweetness, in my brain.
Others leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.

IN FOUNTAIN COURT.

The fountain murmuring of sleep,
A drowsy tune;
The flickering green of leaves that keep
The light of June;
Peace, through a slumbering afternoon,
The peace of June.

A waiting ghost, in the blue sky,
The white curved moon;
June, hushed and breathless, waits, and I
Wait too, with June;
Come, through the lingering afternoon,
Soon, love, come soon.

AFTER LOVE.

TO part now, and, parting now,
Never to meet again;
To have done for ever, I and thou,
With joy, and so with pain.

It is too hard, too hard to meet
If we must love no more;
Those other meetings were too sweet
That went before.

And I would have, now love is over,
An end to all, an end:
I cannot, having been your lover,
Stoop to become your friend!

THE RETURN.

A LITTLE hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart:
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day.
Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen, dumb with pain.
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain,
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

THE DANCE.

For the immortal moment of a passionate dance,
Surely our two souls rushed together and were one,
Once, in the beat of our winged feet in unison,
When, in the brief and flaming ardour of your glance,
The world withered away, vanishing into smoke;
The world narrowed about us, and we heard the beat
As of the rushing winds encompassing our feet;
In the blind heart of the winds, eternal silence woke,
And, cast adrift on our unchainable ecstasy,
Once, and once only, heart to heart and soul to soul,
For an immortal moment we endured the whole
Rapture of intolerable immortality.

ALLA PASSERETTA BRUNA.

If I bid you, you will come,
If I bid you, you will go,
You are mine, and so I take you
To my heart, your home;
Well, ah, well I know
I shall not forsake you.

I shall always hold you fast,
I shall never set you free,
You are mine, and I possess you
Long as life shall last;
You will comfort me,
I shall bless you.

I shall keep you as we keep
Flowers for memory, hid away,
Under many a newer token
Buried deep,
Roses of a gaudier day,
Rings and trinkets, bright and broken,

Other women I shall love,
Fame and fortune I may win,
But when fame and love forsake me
And the light is night above,
You will let me in,
You will take me.

THE RAT.

PAIN gnaws at my heart like a rat that gnaws at a beam
In the dusty dark of a ghost-frequented house;
And I dream of the days forgotten, of love the dream,
The desire of her eyes unappeased, and the peace of her brows.

I can hear the old rat gnaw in the dark by night,
In the deep overshadowing dust that the years have cast;
He gnaws at my heart that is empty of all delight,
He stirs the dust where the feet of my dreams had passed.

THE LAST MEMORY.

When I am old, and think of the old days,
And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire,
One face, mysterious and exquisite;
And I shall gaze, and ponder over it,
Wondering, was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate thought
Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes?
And, musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old dream.
And I shall think of you as something strange,
And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart;
But you, I loved, will have become a part
Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am old.

THE SICK HEART.

O SICK heart, be at rest!
Is there nothing that I can do
To quiet your crying in my breast?
Will nothing comfort you?

"I am sick of a malady
There is but one thing can assuage:
Cure me of youth, and, see,
I will be wise in age!"

THE CRYING OF WATER.

O WATER, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with a mournful cry,
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea,
O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fail,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like
the sea,
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

THE GREY WOLF.

THE grey wolf comes again: I had made fast
The door with chains; how has the grey wolf passed
My threshold? I have nothing left to give:
Go from me now, grey wolf, and let me live!
I have fed you once, given all you would, given all
I had to give, I have been prodigal;
I am poor now, the table is but spread
With water and a little wheaten bread;
You have taken all I ever had from me:
Go from me now, grey wolf, and let me be!

The grey wolf, crouching by the bolted door,
Waits, watching for his food upon the floor;
I see the old hunger and the old thirst of blood
Rise up, under his eyelids, like a flood:
What shall I do that the grey wolf may go?
This time, I have no store of meat to throw;
He waits; but I have nothing, and I stand
Helpless, and his eyes fasten on my hand.
O grey wolf, grey wolf, will you not depart,
This time, unless I feed you with my heart?

II.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FOR A PICTURE OF WATTEAU.

HERE the vague winds have rest;
The forest breathes in sleep,
Lifting a quiet breast;
It is the hour of rest.

How summer glides away!
An autumn pallor blooms
Upon the cheek of day.
Come, lovers, come away!

But here, where dead leaves fall
Upon the grass, what strains,
Languidly musical,
Mournfully rise and fall?

Light loves that woke with spring
This autumn afternoon
Beholds meandering,
Still, to the strains of spring.

Your dancing feet are faint,
Lovers: the air recedes
Into a sighing plaint,
Faint, as your loves are faint.

It is the end, the end,
The dance of love's decease.
Feign no more now, fair friend!
It is the end, the end.

ROSA MUNDI.

An angel of pale desire
Whispered me in the ear
(Ah me, the white-rose mesh
Of the flower-soft, rose-white flesh!)
"Love, they say, is a fire:
Lo, the soft love that is here!

"Love, they say, is a pain
Infinite as the soul,
Ever a longing to be
Love's, to infinity,
Ever a longing in vain
After a vanishing goal.

"Lo, the soft joy that I give
Here in the garden of earth;
Come where the rose-tree grows,
Thine is the garden's rose,
Weave rose-garlands and live
In ease, in indolent mirth."

Then I saw that the rose was fair,
And the mystical rose afar,
A glimmering shadow of light,
Paled to a star in the night;
And the angel whispered "Beware,
Love is a wandering star.

"Love is a raging fire,
Choose thou content instead;
Thou, the child of the dust,
Choose thou a delicate Lust."
"Thou hast chosen!" I said
To the angel of pale desire.

JAVANESE DANCERS.

TWITCHED strings, the clang of metal, beaten drums,
Dull, shrill, continuous, disquieting;
And now the stealthy dancer comes
Undulantly with cat-like steps that cling;

Smiling between her painted lids a smile,
Motionless, unintelligible, she twines
Her fingers into mazy lines,
The scarves across her fingers twine the while.

One, two, three, four glide forth, and, to and fro,
Delicately and imperceptibly,
Now swaying gently in a row,
Now interthreading slow and rhythmically,

Still, with fixed eyes, monotonously still,
Mysteriously, with smiles inanimate,
With lingering feet that undulate,
With sinuous fingers, spectral hands that thrill

In measure while the gnats of music whirr,
The little amber-coloured dancers move,
Like painted idols seen to stir
By the idolaters in a magic grove.

LA MÉLINITE: MOULIN-ROUGE.

Olivier Metra's Waltz of Roses
Sheds in a rhythmic shower
The very petals of the flower;
And all is roses,
The rouge of petals in a shower.

Down the long hall the dance returning
Rounds the full circle, rounds
The perfect rose of lights and sounds,
The rose returning
Into the circle of its rounds.

Alone, apart, one dancer watches
Her mirrored, morbid grace;
Before the mirror, face to face,
Alone she watches
Her morbid, vague, ambiguous grace.

Before the mirror's dance of shadows
She dances in a dream,
And she and they together seem
A dance of shadows,
Alike the shadows of a dream.

The orange-rosy lamps are trembling
Between the robes that turn;

In ruddy flowers of flame that burn
The lights are trembling:
The shadows and the dancers turn.

And, enigmatically smiling,
In the mysterious night,
She dances for her own delight,
A shadow smiling
Back to a shadow in the night.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

I AM engulfed, and drown deliciously.
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odours exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.

Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This crust, of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.

THE OLD WOMEN.

THEY pass upon their old, tremulous feet,
Creeping with little satchels down the street,
And they remember, many years ago,
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow
And solitary, through the city ways,
And they alone remember those old days
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads
The measure of past waltzes, and they see
The candles lit again, the patchouli
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.
Then you will see a light begin to creep
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.
Then the old head drops down again, and shakes,
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,
A shaking huddled thing in a black gown
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her
Violet little bags of lavender,
Into the tap-room full of noisy light;
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,

Sidle, with matches, up to some who stand
About a stage-door, and, with furtive hand,
Appealing: "I too was a dancer, when
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen!"

And sometimes, out of some lean ancient throat,
A broken voice, with here and there a note
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries
Pantingly after; and you know she sings
The passing of light, famous, passing things.
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight, reels
Out of an alley upon staggering heels,
Or into the dark keeping of the stones
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones
And draggled hair.

And all these have been loved,
And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh; it is for this you tend
Your delicate bodies many careful years,
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

ON AN AIR OF RAMEAU.

TO ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

A MELANCHOLY desire of ancient things
Floats like a faded perfume out of the wires;
Pallid lovers, what unforgotten desires,
Whispering once, are retold in your whisperings?

Roses, roses, and lilies with hearts of gold,
These you plucked for her, these she wore in her breast;
Only Rameau's music remembers the rest,
The death of roses over a heart grown cold.

But these sighs? Can ghosts then sigh from the tomb?
Life then wept for you, sighed for you, chilled your breath?
It is the melancholy of ancient death
The harpsichord dreams of, sighing in the room.

AT DIEPPE:

I. AFTER SUNSET.

THE sea lies quieted beneath
The after-sunset flush
That leaves upon the heaped grey clouds
The grape's faint purple blush.

Pale, from a little space in heaven
Of delicate ivory,
The sickle-moon and one gold star
Look down upon the sea.

II. ON THE BEACH.

NIGHT, a grey sky, a ghostly sea,
The soft beginning of the rain;
Black on the horizon, sails that wane
Into the distance mistily.

The tide is rising, I can hear
The soft roar broadening far along;
It cries and murmurs in my ear
A sleepy old forgotten song.

Softly the stealthy night descends,
The black sails fade into the sky:
Is not this, where the sea-line ends,
The shore-line of infinity?

I cannot think or dream; the grey
Unending waste of sea and night,
Dull, impotently infinite,
Blots out the very hope of day.

III. BEFORE THE SQUALL.

THE wind is rising on the sea,
The windy white foam-dancers leap;
And the sea moans uneasily,
And turns to sleep, and cannot sleep.

Ridge after rocky ridge uplifts
Wild hands, and hammers at the land,
Scatters in liquid dust, and drifts
To death among the dusty sand.

On the horizon's nearing line,
Where the sky rests, a visible wall,
Grey in the offing, I divine
The sails that fly before the squall.

O is it death or life
That sounds like something strangely known
In this subsiding out of strife,
This slow sea-monotone?

A sound, scarce heard through sleep,
Murmurous as the August bees
That fill the forest hollows deep
About the roots of trees.

O is it life or death,
O is it hope or memory,
That quiets all things with this breath
Of the eternal sea?

IN THE WOOD OF FINVARA.

I HAVE grown tired of sorrow and human tears;
Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears,
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.

I have grown tired of rapture and love's desire;
Love is a flaming heart, and its flames aspire
Till they cloud the soul in the smoke of a windy fire.

I would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood:
Here, between sea and sea, in the fairy wood,
I have found a delicate, wave-green solitude.

Here, in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,
I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,
And the peace that is not in the world has flown to me.

THE WANDERERS.

WANDERING, ever wandering,
Their eyelids freshened with the wind of the sea
Blown up the cliffs at sunset, their cheeks cooled
With meditative shadows of hushed leaves
That have been drowsing in the woods all day,
And certain fires of sunrise in their eyes.

They wander, and the white roads under them
Crumble into fine dust behind their feet,
For they return not; life, a long white road,
Winds ever from the dark into the dark,
And they, as days, return not; they go on
For ever, with the travelling stars; the night
Curtains them, being wearied, and the dawn
Awakens them unwearied; they go on.
They know the winds of all the earth, they know
The dust of many highways, and the stones
Of cities set for landmarks on the road.
Theirs is the world, and all the glory of it,
Theirs, because they forego it, passing on
Into the freedom of the elements;
Wandering, ever wandering,
Because life holds not anything so good
As to be free of yesterday, and bound
Towards a new-born to-morrow; and they go
Into a world of unknown faces, where

It may be there are faces waiting them,
Faces of friendly strangers, not the long
Intolerable monotony of friends.

The joy of earth is yours, O wanderers,
The only joy of the old earth, to wake.
As each new dawn is patiently renewed,
With foreheads fresh against a fresh young sky.
To be a little further on the road,
A little nearer somewhere, some few steps
Advanced into the future, and removed
By some few counted milestones from the past;
God gives you this good gift, the only gift
That God, being repentant, has to give.

Wanderers, you have the sunrise and the stars;
And we, beneath our comfortable roofs,
Lamplight, and daily fire upon the hearth,
And four walls of a prison, and sure food.
But God has given you freedom, wanderers!

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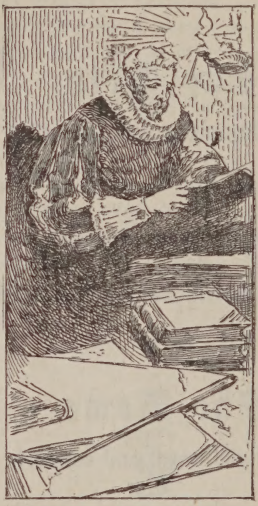

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One series, the Quartos, is an attempt at forming a representative collection of the English Æsthetic School of Poetry and Prose, and includes, among other volumes, "Laus Veneris" of Swinburne, "Marius the Epicurean" of Pater, "The Poems of Rossetti," etc., set throughout in pica old style roman, and printed on Van Gelder handmade paper, with an original set of headbands, tailpieces and initials. The volumes may well be said to rival, if not excel, the best contemporary productions. They range in price from sixteen shillings to some five pounds for copies on Japanese vellum; from which regal examples, to the Vest Pocket Series on GENUINE HANDMADE PAPER AT A

SHILLING PER VOLUME, is a wide range in price. And so, too, is exemplified in a measure the importance of the method of choice and arrangement of Mr. Mosher's general scheme. Not that the volumes of this latter series are in any sense of a contrasting quality or even value, as a consideration of such titles as FitzGerald's Fourth Translation of "The Rubáiyát," "Laus Veneris" again (this time, mark you, at a shilling), and the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," etc., will show.

Continuing this most delightful preamble to his "List," Mr. Mosher says, further, that he has been asked to define his attitude towards this development in what, for want of a better phrase, may be called "coöperative bookmaking." "Paint, chisel, or write, the law of survival shall decide which shall last, and what by its own weakness will be forgotten." There is to-day noticeable in America to a marvellous degree, far more so than its existence here in England, the interest of the "young person" in the broadening influence of the æsthetic movement in life, literature, and art. The public, the great big generous public, to whom they look for the rise and development to a far greater degree than it could ever have been with their elders of a generation ago, is to be made up of "THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY." It is they—in America—who in the main desire and demand joy in one's daily round, comradeship in one's work and one's loves, and a desire to possess and surround themselves with Things Beautiful.

Our protest therefore is against the indiscriminate collection of books big or little, arguing, as certain wise men have done before, that a few books well read are worth many unread. But we believe also that the choice of selection is often a very faulty choice on the part of many a publisher who has lumbered up his catalogue with many an incoherent and unrelated list of so-called Classics. Not infrequently a publisher's name does not stand for what it once did: there are too few Bentleys, Ballantynes, and Smiths left to grace the profession as it stands to-day; but there is no reason why every publisher, be he great or

small, cannot hold out for a "scheme of publication" and a "code of choice" which should at least stand for a great deal more than the indiscriminate grouping of "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" in a series, and calling it the "Twentieth Century Library." What may be the "best books" to one mind, may be, if not poison to another's, perhaps a violent dissenting note. Therefore let us hail the "new" publisher who comes before us with his wares, whether they be reprints or what not, so long as he confines himself to a certain set purpose which in his prospectuses and printed matter he defines in an appealing fashion, so much so that it appeals to us at all events; and let us welcome with joy the opportunity to gather unto ourselves a modest and attractive collection of dainty books which will not only be a pride to possess, but which in reality will be worth to us, by making them our intimates, vastly more than yards of shelf room encumbered with the redundant essays and theories of mere pedants or cyclopædia makers. Inasmuch as this screed is in the nature of a free and unsolicited advertisement of Mr. Mosher's books, we advise all and sundry who may be interested and who may care to know more of his truly beautiful books to send to him for his "List of Books in Belles Lettres," in itself a beautiful book, and enjoy its perusal for themselves.—*From THE PROTEST, A Journal for Philistines; Number Five; January, MDCCCCIII; Published for the Proprietors from the Sign of the Hop-Pole, Crockham Hill, Eden Bridge, which is in Kent, England.*

A Complete List of the Mosher Books, in itself an exquisite bit of bookmaking, sent postpaid on request.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

The Bibelot

OUR second little garland of Celtic verse[1] *opens with what is unquestionably the most beautiful of all modern versions of the celebrated* Lament of Deirdre for the Sons of Usnach. *Of unknown antiquity in the original Erse it is rightly placed in that cycle of old Irish semi-historic poems which Sir Samuel Ferguson has made over to the English speaking world for all time.*[2] *And as fit finale to this splendid overture we come to an end with* The Madness of King Goll, *a lyric having for burden an unsurpassable line:—*

"They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old."

Between the first poem and the last we have brought together such other lyrics

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1 *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. VI, pp. 255-290. To the list of citations there given add: Ballads in Prose, 1894, Under Quicken Boughs, 1896, and Aquamarines, 1902 by Nora Hopper (now Mrs. Chesson); Roses and Rue by Alice Furlong, 1899; Flower Pieces and other Poems by William Allingham, 1888; The Wind in the Trees, a Book of Country Verse by Katharine Tynan (now Mrs. Hinkson) 1898; Welsh Ballads and other Poems by Ernest Rhys, 1898.*

2 *Lays of the Red Branch by Sir Samuel Ferguson, 1897.*

by the "Young Ireland" group as in our opinion are most "touched by the wind of old romance." The longer this little band of Celtic singers is studied the more impossible any selection seems that would adequately set forth its "tenderness, intensity and imaginative vizualization." That Nora Hopper Chesson has been so largely drawn upon comes from the belief that at the best her verse is exquisitely imbued with the melancholy music of an old forgotten day.

To beget and keep alive an interest in such work is the one thing worth while. Enough for us if within our narrow limits we do but open an ever-widening vista for a few wayfarers of the Spirit,—

"the one or two who hold
Earth's coin of less account than fairy gold:
Their treasure, not the spoil of crowns and kings,
But the dim beauty at the heart of things."

FOR JUNE:

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE,
By
W. B. YEATS.

A Second Little Garland of Celtic Verse.

These little Songs
Found here and there,
Floating in air
By forest and lea,
Or hill-side heather,
In houses and throngs,
Or down by the sea—
Have come together,
How, I can't tell:
. . . .
But the best in the songs,
Whatever it be,
To you, and to me,
And to no one belongs.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"THE Keltic character, I take it, is, more clearly than any other race-character, a product of geographical conditions. The Kelt has for ages inhabited the western fringe of the world, from the mouth of the Loire to the outermost Hebrides. He has been pent between the devil and the deep sea — between hostile races to the eastward, and the haunting enigma of the trackless ocean to the west. He has dwelt in a land of mountains, of wide, windy estuaries, of clear and rushing rivers. The shifting pageantry of sky and sea has from of old encompassed him. His soul has been alternately swathed in fantastic mists and bathed in great billows of pure colour. He has for centuries seen the sun plunge, day after day, over the very edge of the world, into an abyss of waters as mysterious as the grave. And his mind has taken its imprint from this region of mountain and river and firth, of coolness and moisture and briny fragrance, bounded on the one hand by hostility, and by mystery on the other. Nature can never be the same thing to an inland as to a seaboard people. The plain-dweller, and even the mountain-dweller, knows nothing of the reduplication and etherealisation of colour that the great waters alone can give. The Kelt is the child of a volcanic coast-line and the Atlantic, as the Saxon is the child of alluvial prairies and the narrow seas."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

(*Poets of the Younger Generation, 1902.*)

DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH.

From the Irish.

THE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone —
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone —
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping —
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linkèd bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow;
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions, ye were ever —
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good's a palace.

O, to hear my true-love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

O! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo now, sleep, morn and even —
Lark alone enchant the heaven!
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain —
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain —
Heron, in the free air warm ye —
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall! —
Tenfold woe and black dishonour
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

AGHADOE.

THERE'S a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my Love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O! my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son in Aghadoe,
When your throat fries in hell's drouth salt the flame be in your mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe;
O'er the mountain through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
When in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,

There he lay, the head — my breast keeps the warmth
where once 'twould rest —
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,
Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the
cairn.
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O! to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart
than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

(To E. Nesbit.)

LAST night, last night, in the dark o' the moon
Into my dreams slid a faery tune . . .
It slew the dreams that I dreamed of him,
With its moonshine music, faint and dim.
What tune should the fairy pipers play
But "Over the Hills and Far Away?"

The music called to my idle feet,
And O! the music was wild and sweet:
I left my dreams and my lonely bed,
And followed afar where the music led—
And never a tune did the pipers play
But "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Over the hills and far away,
What love has tenderer words to say?
Love that lifteth or bows the head,
Love that liveth or love that's dead?
Hills that are far away are fair,
And I followed the ghost of my lover there.

We danced all night in a silent band,
I and my lover, hand in hand:
We danced, nor knew till the dew was dry
That deep slept Donat and lone slept I—

We took no thought of the coming day
Over the hills and far away.

My eyes are blind with the growing light,
And O my grief! that the day was night —
For my heart is broke, for my lover's eyes,
And all day long in my ears there cries
The tune of the fairy pipes that play
"Over the Hills and Far Away."

NORA CHESSON.

A CONNAUGHT LAMENT.

I WILL arise and go hence to the west,
And dig me a grave where the hill-winds call;
But O were I dead, were I dust, the fall
Of my own love's footstep would break my rest!

My heart in my bosom is black as a sloe!
I heed not cuckoo, nor wren, nor swallow:
Like a flying leaf in the sky's blue hollow
The heart in my breast is, that beats so low.

Because of the words your lips have spoken,
(O dear black head that I must not follow)
My heart is a grave that is stripped and hollow,
As ice on the water my heart is broken.

O lips forgetful and kindness fickle,
The swallow goes south with you: I go west
Where fields are empty and scythes at rest.
I am the poppy and you the sickle;
My heart is broken within my breast.

NORA CHESSON.

MAY EVE.

THERE'S a crying at my window, and a hand upon my door,
And a stir among the yarrow that's fading on the floor:
The voice cries at my window, the hand at my door beats on,
But if I heed and answer them, sure, hand and voice are gone.

You would not heed my calling once, and now why would I hear?
You would not hold my wistful hand, but let it fall, my dear:
You would not give me word or look, but went your silent way,
Oh, wirrasthrue, dumb mouth of you that had so much to say.

Be still, my dear: I heed, I hear, but cannot help you now,
The rose is dead that was so red, and snow's upon her bough.
Be still, be still a little while, for I shall surely come
And kiss the sorrow from your eyes, and from your kind lips dumb.

Be patient now, avourneen! you may not
lift the latch:
Go hence: the wind is bitter cold that whistles
through the thatch.
The wind is cold, and I am old, but you're
young and fair to see,
And my heart turns to you night and day, my
fair love leaving me!

NORA CHESSON.

THREE SONGS FROM MUIRGEIS: AN IRISH PLAY.

I.

THE heart that's set upon a rose
  Must break when summer goes;
All flowers must as pilgrims fare
  When winter's trumpet blows.
September sees the rose-tree bare,
  And no October knows
What roses are, what roses were—
  My love is not a rose!
My love shall be a splendid star
  That shines apart, afar.
Time cannot dim her lovely light,
  Nor winds on it make war;
The wide-eyed day, the dreamful night
  Behold no envy mar
One rose of light that burns up blight
  As fuel for a star.

II.

I CALL thee from the changing land
To the unchanging sea;
I bring a bride-gift in my hand
Of immortality.
The land is fair, but fairer far
The pastures of the sea.
Canst thou reach down the lowest star?
My sea-fires gleam for thee.
All rivers run unto one end
And perish in the sea;
Turn thou from lover and from friend,
And give thine heart to me.
Thy love shall suffer change and dearth,
Thy friend the years estrange;
There is no faithfulness on earth —
The sea will never change.

III.

My heart is heavy night and day, my fair
love leaving me,
That from my path you turned away to dwell
among the Shee,
Where none grows old and none grows cold
for hope or memory;
I am most sad while you are glad, my fair
love leaving me.
Now every day and all night long I wear the
bitter rue
And hear a wayward faery song when I
would dream of you.
In all men's ears my tale is told, my grief's
for all to see,
Sad for your sake I sleep and wake, my fair
love leaving me.
You come not even to my dreams between
the night and day.
And have you drunk of faery streams that
washed your love away,
O heart of gold, and left you cold as water
and as free?
Ah! wirrasthrue, my heart's with you, my
fair love leaving me.

NORA CHESSON.

(THE MAID.)

In the Land of Youth the spiders are weaving their webs in the windless woods.
(Fine webs the spiders are weaving.)
All in the grey of the twilit morn the dews are falling in fairy floods,
On the leafy bough the dove is grieving.

Come, come, my share of the world!
To the Land of Youth that is over the hill,
Where the spiders are weaving their webs dew-pearled,
And the cushat coos while the morn is still.

(THE BOY.)

To the Land of Youth was the way but pleasant, sooth, it were good to go.
(Sooth, it were good, was the way but pleasant.)
But north and south and east and west the dark-winged winds do beat and blow,
Nor sun shall light us, nor star, nor crescent.

Stay in the dūn that is warm and wide,
Earth's Winter shall wane and pass.
Beltane-day shall come as a bride,
And gather daisies from the dewy grass.

(THE MAID.)

In the Land of Youth the rose-red apples bloom on
the apple boughs.
(White at the heart are the rose-red apples.)
Droopt and bent are the branches grey where the
honeyed breezes drowse,
Dreamy shadow the green grass dapples.

Come, come, my share of the world!
Earth's Winter is wan and chill.
The fruit is ripe there, the bud is curled,
In the Land of Youth that is over the hill.

(THE BOY.)

To the Land of Youth the way is weary over the
hill of Death.
(Wild is the way, and long, and weary.)
Phantom rain on thy bosom white, phantom wind to
snatch at thy breath,
Night and mist for our faring eerie.

Thy milken feet are tender and weak
To climb the hill in the ghostly storm.
Keep the rose on thy ruddy cheek,
Stay in the dūn that is wide and warm.

. . . . . .

But out on the snow she led him forth:
And the winds blew out of the east and west.
And the wind of darkness drew from the north. . . .
No man knoweth how fared the quest.

ALICE FURLONG.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west —
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream —
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

TWO LYRICS.

I.

FOUR ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years —
To remember with tears!

II.

A sunset's mounded cloud;
A diamond evening-star;
Sad blue hills afar;
Love in his shroud.

Scarcely a tear to shed;
Hardly a word to say;
The end of a summer day;
Sweet Love dead.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

EPITAPH.

He roamed half round the world of woe,
  Where toil and labour never cease;
Then dropped one little span below
  In search of peace.

And now to him mild beams and showers,
  All that he needs to grace his tomb,
From loneliest regions at all hours,
  Unsought for come.

AUBREY DE VERE.

SONG.

Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
  Thou wild wind, bring
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
    Upon thy wing!

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
    Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
    From long ago.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

THERE 'S music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields are far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the uplands drenched with dew,
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

"WHERE YOU BUY JOY FOR A PENNY."

You may buy joy for a penny yonder in
Tir na n'Og.
If you were King of Ireland or but a barefoot
rogue
Your chances would be equal, for, och, the
roads are many,
But they lead to one fair country where they
sell joy for a penny.

The king has got a goodly queen, and many
a loyal vassal,
And the blessings of the poor are the keepers
of his castle;
But his queen's hands cannot hold him, his
queen's heart cannot keep:
For voices out of Tir na n'Og have called
across his sleep.

"Let down, let down the drawbridge, bring
in my horse from grass,
Let others loiter through their lives, and
watch the shadows pass,
Longer and ever longer; at noon I must
away,
When shadows are at shortest, and time
takes holiday."

The King has ridden westward, the way the
bright sun goes,
And the beggar by the roadside the self-same
calling knows;
The girl that begs beside him, and makes her
arm his pillow,
He leaves her with a light farewell, and she
may wear the willow.

Now he that rides and wears a crown, and
he that tramps his way
Together find the selfsame goal at dropping
of the day;
Though one has climbed the Golden Spears,
one gone by lowlands fenny,
Both come at last to Tir na n'Og, where you
may buy joy for a penny.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

DEAD.

(*To Olivier Georges Destrée.*)

In Merioneth, over the sad moor
  Drives the rain, the cold wind blows:
  Past the ruinous church door,
The poor procession without music goes.

Lonely she wandered out her hour, and died.
  Now the mournful curlew cries
  Over her, laid down beside
Death's lonely people: lightly down she lies.

In Merioneth, the wind lives and wails,
  On from hill to lonely hill:
  Down the loud, triumphant gales,
A spirit cries *Be strong!* and cries *Be still!*

LIONEL JOHNSON.

1887.

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HËN IN HIS OLD AGE.

DECREPIT, wretched, broken, old; —
Are these the scathless limbs grown cold,
Of which the men of Argoed told?

Old crutch, whose burden I am grown,
What of my youth, this long while flown, —
That marched with shouldered spear, alone?

Alas! is not the harvest here,
When the rush grows yellow, the bracken sere?
What I hated once, — the fall of the year!

Old crutch! Is that the winter's rain?
Or the merry men at the hearth again?
They forget the dark bedside of Llywarch Hën.

Old crutch! Is not the spring new-come?
When the cuckoo's brown, and bright the foam,
When the maidens sing the tired men home!

Old crutch! Is not the summer in?
The green blades curl; the blackbirds sing,
And the young to sharpen their beaks begin.

Alas, — I ask in my wretchedness
I know not what. The years may press,
But I cannot mark their more and less.

This leaf the wind drives down in the mould,—
(Woe, woe to the leaf, when the wind grows cold),
This year it was born, this year it is old.

The four things I hated the most, descend,
Fierce, hosted, upon me, who have not a friend:
Old age, coughing, sickness and grief without end.

Oh, wretched the lot decreed Llywarch Hën,
On the night he was born. Great sorrow and pain,
Long sorrow, and no deliverance from pain.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE MADNESS OF KING GOLL.

I SAT on cushioned otter skin:
My word was law from Ith to Emen,
And shook at Invar Amargin
The hearts of the world-troubling seamen,
And drove tumult and war away
From girl and boy and man and beast;
The fields grew fatter day by day,
The wild fowl of the air increased;
And every ancient Ollave said,
While he bent down his fading head,
'He drives away the Northern cold.'
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

I sat and mused and drank sweet wine;
A herdsman came from inland valleys,
Crying, the pirates drove his swine
To fill their dark-beaked hollow galleys.
I called my battle-breaking men,
And my loud brazen battle-cars
From rolling vale and rivery glen;
And under the blinking of the stars
Fell on the pirates by the deep,
And hurled them in the gulph of sleep:
These hands won many a torque of gold.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

But slowly, as I shouting slew
And trampled in the bubbling mire,
In my most secret spirit grew
A whirling and a wandering fire:
I stood: keen stars above me shone,
Around me shone keen eyes of men:
I laughed aloud and hurried on
By rocky shore and rushy fen;
I laughed because birds fluttered by,
And starlight gleamed, and clouds flew high,
And rushes waved and waters rolled.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

And now I wander in the woods
When summer gluts the golden bees,
Or in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-coloured trees;
Or when along the wintry strands
The cormorants shiver on their rocks;
I wander on, and wave my hands,
And sing, and shake my heavy locks.
The grey wolf knows me; by one ear
I lead along the woodland deer;
The hares run by me growing bold.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

I came upon a little town,
That slumbered in the harvest moon,
And passed a-tiptoe up and down,
Murmuring, to a fitful tune,
How I have followed, night and day,
A tramping of tremendous feet,
And saw where this old tympan lay,
Deserted on a doorway seat,
And bore it to the woods with me;
Of some unhuman misery
Our married voices wildly trolled.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

I sang how, when day's toil is done,
Orchil shakes out her long dark hair
That hides away the dying sun
And sheds faint odours through the air:
When my hand passed from wire to wire
It quenched, with sound like falling dew,
The whirling and the wandering fire;
But lift a mournful ulalu,
For the kind wires are torn and still,
And I must wander wood and hill
Through summer's heat and winter's cold.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me,
the beech leaves old.

W. B. YEATS.

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No. 14 Somerset Street, Boston, Massachusetts

opinion of one who is best qualified to appraise the work of a born leader of the Celtic revival in Ireland. Born in Dublin, June 13, 1865, William Butler Yeats put forth his earliest experiments in verse and prose before the age of twenty; of which his longest dramatic poem The Island of Statues, *contributed to a local periodical, only survives in a much decreased form in his first volume issued so long ago as 1889.*[2] *Thence onward it may be truly affirmed of his poetry as Miss Macleod makes affirmation: "I have read the work of most of the acknowledged* minnesingers, *but in none of them do I find that subtle, intense, poignant beauty, the beauty of the garment revealing the soul, and the beauty of the soul illumining the garment, which I find in the poetry of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell."*[3]

Beyond peradventure there is *just this deep note of personality in almost all that Mr. Yeats has given us: an outbreathing of that Celtic sorrowfulness over bright things faded, of human beauty that grows old and dies and of that little infinite thing*

---

2 *See Bibliographical Note.*

3 *Better known as "A. E." author of* Homeward: Songs by the Way, *1895;* The Earth Breath and other Poems, *1897. A new volume of poems,* The Divine Vision, *is now in preparation by Mr. Russell.*

the heart of man out of which all passionate dreams are born and go down into the dust.

"For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again."

III.

It is, therefore, with especial delight that with Mr. Yeats' permission, we reprint The Land of Heart's Desire, *written ten years back, but now given according to his latest revision. Mr. William Archer has well said: "It is a flawless little poem, concentrating into a single scene the pure essence of Celtic folk-lore." Its beautiful title alone would be no insufficient passport to our favour. As noted by Miss Macleod, the reflective spirit of reverie is here subtly transmuted into dramatic form with results both rare and strange. Debatable questions as to "the outward and actual representation through men and women and the actual world, of the dreams and thoughts and ideas of which men and women and the actual world are the shadows and vivid phantoms" should not detain us. "It is not the visible . . that Mr. Yeats gives us, but the woven shape and colour of his dreams." All through the little play we*

hear "a murmuring, cooing melody in the verse that familiarity renders only the more charming."

There is undying pathos in Maire Bruin's "I think that I would stay — and yet — and yet," and the words that charm the soul from her body, "Come, little bird with heart of gold," — words a child might utter and understand even in their unearthly suggestiveness, — words which are summed up once and forever in the last lines of the repeated song before they, too, fall into the final silence:

"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung
The lonely of heart must wither away."

Ah, yes! this Land of Heart's Desire, is it not the old Phœcian land, — called also by a dead singer of our empty day, The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon — the divine, unknown country of all singing men that were and are and will be in all the years to come: —

"Who seek a city splendid,
With light beyond the sun;
Or lands where dreams are ended,
And works and days are done."

FOR JULY:
LYRICS BY ANDREW LANG.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

By

W. B. YEATS

O Rose, thou art sick.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MAURTEEN BRUIN,
SHAWN BRUIN,
FATHER HART,
BRIDGET BRUIN,
MAIRE BRUIN,
A FAERY CHILD.

The scene is laid in the Barony of Kilmacowen, in the County of Sligo, and the characters are supposed to speak in Gaelic. They wear the costume of a century ago.

This little play was produced at the Avenue Theatre in the spring of 1894, with the following cast: — Maurteen Bruin, Mr. James Welch; Shawn Bruin, Mr. A. E. W. Mason; Father Hart, Mr. G. R. Foss; Bridget Bruin, Miss Charlotte Morland; Maire Bruin, Miss Winifred Fraser; A Faery Child, Miss Dorothy Paget. It ran for a little over six weeks.

The kitchen of MAURTEEN BRUIN'S *house. An open grate with a turf fire is at the left side of the room, with a table in front of it. There is a door leading to the open air at the back, and another door a little to its left, leading into an inner room. There is a window, a settle, and a large dresser on the right side of the room, and a great bowl of primroses on the sill of the window.* MAURTEEN BRUIN, FATHER HART, *and* BRIDGET BRUIN *are sitting at the table.* SHAWN BRUIN *is setting the table for supper.* MAIRE BRUIN *sits on the settle reading a yellow manuscript.*

BRIDGET BRUIN.

Because I bade her go and feed the calves,
She took that old book down out of the thatch
And has been doubled over it all day.
We would be deafened by her groans and moans
Had she to work as some do, Father Hart,
Get up at dawn like me, and mend and scour;
Or ride abroad in the boisterous night like you,
The pyx and blessed bread under your arm.

SHAWN BRUIN.

You are too cross.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

The young side with the young.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

She quarrels with my wife a bit at times,
And is too deep just now in the old book!
But do not blame her greatly; she will grow
As quiet as a puff-ball in a tree
When but the moons of marriage dawn and die
For half a score of times.

FATHER HART.

Their hearts are wild
As be the hearts of birds, till children come.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

She would not mind the griddle, milk the cow,
Or even lay the knives and spread the cloth.

FATHER HART.

I never saw her read a book before;
What may it be?

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

I do not rightly know;
It has been in the thatch for fifty years.

My father told me my grandfather wrote it,
Killed a red heifer and bound it with the hide.
But draw your chair this way — supper is spread;
And little good he got out of the book,
Because it filled his house with roaming bards,
And roaming ballad-makers and the like,
And wasted all his goods. — Here is the wine:
The griddle bread's beside you, Father Hart.
Colleen, what have you got there in the book
That you must leave the bread to cool? Had I,
Or had my father, read or written books
There were no stocking full of silver and gold
To come, when I am dead, to Shawn and you.

FATHER HART.

You should not fill your head with foolish dreams.
What are you reading?

MAIRE BRUIN.

How a Princess Adene,
A daughter of a King of Ireland, heard
A voice singing on a May Eve like this,
And followed, half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue;
And she is still there, busied with a dance,

Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,
Or where stars walk upon a mountain-top.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Persuade the colleen to put by the book:
My grandfather would mutter just such things,
And he was no judge of a dog or horse,
And any idle boy could blarney him:
Just speak your mind.

FATHER HART.

Put it away, my colleen.
God spreads the heavens above us like great wings,
And gives a little round of deeds and days,
And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,
And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams,
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes,
Half shuddering and half joyous, from God's peace:
And it was some wrecked angel, blind from tears,
Who flattered Adene's heart with merry words.
My colleen, I have seen some other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbours and were glad
In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes;
For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.

SHAWN BRUIN.

Yet do not blame her greatly, Father Hart,
For she is dull while I am in the fields,
And mother's tongue were harder still to bear,
But for her fancies: this is May Eve too,
When the good people post about the world,
And surely one may think of them to-night.
Maire, have you the primroses to fling
Before the door to make a golden path
For them to bring good luck into the house?
Remember, they may steal new-married brides
After the fall of twilight on May Eve.

[MAIRE BRUIN *goes over to the window and takes flowers from the bowl and strews them outside the door.*]

FATHER HART.

You do well, daughter, because God permits
Great power to the good people on May Eve.

SHAWN BRUIN.

They can work all their will with primroses;
Change them to golden money, or little flames
To burn up those who do them any wrong.

MAIRE BRUIN [*in a dreamy voice*].

I had no sooner flung them by the door
Than the wind cried and hurried them away;

And then a child came running in the wind
And caught them in her hands and fondled them:
Her dress was green: her hair was of red gold;
Her face was pale as water before dawn.

FATHER HART.

Whose child can this be?

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

No one's child at all.
She often dreams that some one has gone by
When there was nothing but a puff of wind.

MAIRE BRUIN.

They will not bring good luck into the house,
For they have blown the primroses away;
Yet I am glad that I was courteous to them,
For are not they, likewise, children of God?

FATHER HART.

Colleen, they are the children of the field,
And they have power until the end of Time,
When God shall fight with them a great pitched battle
And hack them into pieces.

MAIRE BRUIN.

He will smile,
Father, perhaps, and open His great door,
And call the pretty and kind into His house.

FATHER HART.

Did but the lawless angels see that door,
They would fall, slain by everlasting peace;
And when such angels knock upon our doors
Who goes with them must drive through the same storm.

[*A knock at the door.* MAIRE BRUIN *opens it and then goes to the dresser and fills a porringer with milk and hands it through the door and takes it back empty and closes the door.*]

MAIRE BRUIN.

A little queer old woman cloaked in green,
Who came to beg a porringer of milk.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

The good people go asking milk and fire
Upon May Eve — Woe on the house that gives,
For they have power upon it for a year.
I knew you would bring evil on the house.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Who was she?

MAIRE BRUIN.

Both the tongue and face were strange.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Some strangers came last week to Clover Hill;
She must be one of them.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

I am afraid.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

The priest will keep all harm out of the house.

FATHER HART.

The cross will keep all harm out of the house
While it hangs there.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Come, sit beside me, colleen,
And put away your dreams of discontent,
For I would have you light up my last days
Like a bright torch of pine, and when I die
I will make you the wealthiest hereabout:
For hid away where nobody can find
I have a stocking full of silver and gold.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

You are the fool of every pretty face,
And I must pinch and pare that my son's wife
May have all kinds of ribbons for her head.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Do not be cross; she is a right good girl!
The butter is by your elbow, Father Hart.
My colleen, have not Fate and Time and Change
Done well for me and for old Bridget there?

We have a hundred acres of good land,
And sit beside each other at the fire,
The wise priest of our parish to our right,
And you and our dear son to left of us.
To sit beside the board and drink good wine
And watch the turf smoke coiling from the fire
And feel content and wisdom in your heart,
This is the best of life; when we are young
We long to tread a way none trod before,
But find the excellent old way through love
And through the care of children to the hour
For bidding Fate and Time and Change goodbye.

[*A knock at the door.* MAIRE BRUIN *opens it and then takes a sod of turf out of the hearth in the tongs and passes it through the door and closes the door and remains standing by it.*]

MAIRE BRUIN.

A little queer old man in a green coat,
Who asked a burning sod to light his pipe.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

You have now given milk and fire, and brought,
For all you know, evil upon the house.
Before you married you were idle and fine,
And went about with ribbons on your head;
And now you are a good-for-nothing wife.

SHAWN BRUIN.

Be quiet, mother!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

You are much too cross!

MAIRE BRUIN.

What do I care if I have given this house,
Where I must hear all day a bitter tongue,
Into the power of faeries!

BRIDGET BRUIN.

You know well
How calling the good people by that name
Or talking of them over much at all
May bring all kinds of evil on the house.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house!
Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

FATHER HART.

You cannot know the meaning of your words.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Father, I am right weary of four tongues:
A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too grave,
A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Of drowsy love and my captivity.

[SHAWN BRUIN *comes over to her and leads her to the settle.*]

SHAWN BRUIN.

Do not blame me: I often lie awake
Thinking that all things trouble your bright head —
How beautiful it is — such broad pale brows
Under a cloudy blossoming of hair!
Sit down beside me here — these are too old,
And have forgotten they were ever young.

MAIRE BRUIN.

O, you are the great door-post of this house,
And I, the red nasturtium, climbing up.

[*She takes* SHAWN'S *hand, but looks shyly at the priest and lets it go.*]

FATHER HART.

Good daughter, take his hand — by love alone
God binds us to Himself and to the hearth
And shuts us from the waste beyond His peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering light.

SHAWN BRUIN.

Would that the world were mine to give it you
With every quiet hearth and barren waste,
The maddening freedom of its woods and tides,
And the bewildering light upon its hills.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Then I would take and break it in my hands
To see you smile watching it crumble away.

SHAWN BRUIN.

Then I would mould a world of fire and dew
With no one bitter, grave, or over wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you wrong.
And crowd the enraptured quiet of the sky
With candles burning to your lonely face.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Your looks are all the candles that I need.

SHAWN BRUIN.

Once a fly dancing in a beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the dawn,
Could fill your heart with dreams none other knew,
But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most proud and cold
With my warm heart for ever; and sun and moon
Must fade and heaven be rolled up like a scroll;
But your white spirit still walk by my spirit.

[A VOICE *sings in the distance.*]

MAIRE BRUIN.

Did you hear something call? O, guard me close,
Because I have said wicked things to-night;
And seen a pale-faced child with red-gold hair,
And longed to dance upon the winds with her.

A VOICE [*close to the door*].

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away!"

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

I am right happy, and would make all else
Be happy too. I hear a child outside,
And will go bring her in out of the cold.

[*He opens the door.* A CHILD *dressed in pale green and with red-gold hair comes into the house.*]

THE CHILD.

I tire of winds and waters and pale lights!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

You are most welcome. It is cold out there;
Who would think to face such cold on a May Eve?

THE CHILD.

And when I tire of this warm little house
There is one here who must away, away,
To where the woods, the stars, and the white streams
Are holding a continual festival.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

O listen to her dreamy and strange talk.
Come to the fire.

THE CHILD.

I will sit upon your knee,
For I have run from where the winds are born,
And long to rest my feet a little while.

[*She sits upon his knee.*]

BRIDGET BRUIN.

How pretty you are!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Your hair is wet with dew!

BRIDGET BRUIN.

I will warm your chilly feet.

[*She takes the child's feet in her hands.*]

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

You must have come
A long, long way, for I have never seen
Your pretty face, and must be tired and hungry;
Here is some bread and wine.

THE CHILD.

The wine is bitter.
Old mother, have you no sweet food for me?

BRIDGET BRUIN.

I have some honey!

[*She goes into the next room.*]

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

You are a dear child;
The mother was quite cross before you came.

[BRIDGET *returns with the honey, and goes to the dresser and fills a porringer with milk.*]

BRIDGET BRUIN.

She is the child of gentle people; look
At her white hands and at her pretty dress.

I have brought you some new milk, but wait awhile,
And I will put it by the fire to warm,
For things well fitted for poor folk like us
Would never please a high-born child like you.

THE CHILD.

Old mother, my old mother, the green dawn
Brightens above while you blow up the fire;
And evening finds you spreading the white cloth.
The young may lie in bed and dream and hope,
But you work on because your heart is old.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

The young are idle.

THE CHILD.

Old father, you are wise
And all the years have gathered in your heart
To whisper of the wonders that are gone.
The young must sigh through many a dream and hope,
But you are wise because your heart is old.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

O, who would think to find so young a child
Loving old age and wisdom?

[BRIDGET *gives her more bread and honey.*]

THE CHILD.

No more, mother.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

What a small bite! The milk is ready now;
What a small sip!

THE CHILD.

Put on my shoes, old mother,
For I would like to dance now I have eaten.
The reeds are dancing by Coolaney lake,
And I would like to dance until the reeds
And the white waves have danced themselves to sleep.

[BRIDGET *having put on her shoes, she gets off the old man's knees and is about to dance, but suddenly sees the crucifix and shrieks and covers her eyes.*]

What is that ugly thing on the black cross?

FATHER HART.

You cannot know how naughty your words are!
That is our Blessed Lord!

THE CHILD.

Hide it away!

BRIDGET BRUIN.

I have begun to be afraid, again!

THE CHILD.

Hide it away!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

That would be wickedness!

BRIDGET BRUIN.

That would be sacrilege!

THE CHILD.

The tortured thing!
Hide it away!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

Her parents are to blame.

FATHER HART.

That is the image of the Son of God.

[THE CHILD *puts her arm round his neck and kisses him.*]

THE CHILD.

Hide it away! Hide it away!

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

No! no!

FATHER HART.

Because you are so young and little a child
I will go take it down.

THE CHILD.

Hide it away,
And cover it out of sight and out of mind.

[FATHER HART *takes it down and carries it towards the inner room.*]

FATHER HART.

Since you have come into this barony
I will instruct you in our blessed faith:
Being a clever child you will soon learn.
[*To the others.*]
We must be tender with all budding things.
Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.
[*Puts the crucifix in the inner room.*]

THE CHILD.

Here is level ground for dancing. I will dance.
The wind is blowing on the waving reeds,
The wind is blowing on the heart of man.
[*She dances, swaying about like the reeds.*]

MAIRE [*to* SHAWN BRUIN].

Just now when she came near I thought I heard
Other small steps beating upon the floor,
And a faint music blowing in the wind,
Invisible pipes giving her feet the time.

SHAWN BRUIN.

I heard no step but hers.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Look to the bolt!
Because the unholy powers are abroad.

MAURTEEN BRUIN [*to the* CHILD].

Come over here, and if you promise me
Not to talk wickedly of holy things
I will give you something.

THE CHILD.

Bring it me, old father!

[MAURTEEN BRUIN *goes into the next room.*]

FATHER HART.

I will have queen cakes when you come to me!

[MAURTEEN BRUIN *returns and lays a piece of money on the table. The* CHILD *makes a gesture of refusal.*]

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

It will buy lots of toys; see how it glitters!

THE CHILD.

Come, tell me, do you love me?

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

I love you!

THE CHILD.

Ah! but you love this fireside!

FATHER HART.

I love you.

THE CHILD.

But you love Him above.

BRIDGET BRUIN.

She is blaspheming.

THE CHILD [*to* MAIRE].

And do you love me?

MAIRE BRUIN.

I — I do not know.

THE CHILD.

You love that great tall fellow over there:
Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

MAIRE BRUIN.

Queen of the Angels and kind Saints, defend us!
Some dreadful fate has fallen: a while ago
The wind cried out and took the primroses,
And she ran by me laughing in the wind,

And I gave milk and fire, and she came in
And made you hide the blessed crucifix.

FATHER HART.

You fear because of her wild, pretty prattle;
She knows no better.

[*To the* CHILD.]

Child, how old are you?

THE CHILD.

When winter sleep is abroad my hair grows thin,
My feet unsteady. When the leaves awaken
My mother carries me in her golden arms.
I will soon put on my womanhood and marry
The spirits of wood and water, but who can tell
When I was born for the first time? I think
I am much older than the eagle cock
That blinks and blinks on Ballygawley Hill,
And he is the oldest thing under the moon.

FATHER HART.

She is of the faery people.

THE CHILD.

I am Brig's daughter.
I sent my messengers for milk and fire,
And then I heard one call to me and came.

[*They all except* MAIRE BRUIN *gather about the priest for protection.* MAIRE BRUIN *stays on the settle in a stupor of terror. The* CHILD *takes primroses from the great bowl and begins to strew them between herself and the priest and about* MAIRE BRUIN. *During the following dialogue* SHAWN BRUIN *goes more than once to the brink of the primroses, but shrinks back to the others timidly.*]

FATHER HART.

I will confront this mighty spirit alone.

[*They cling to him and hold him back.*]

THE CHILD [*while she strews the primroses*].

No one whose heart is heavy with human tears
Can cross these little cressets of the wood.

FATHER HART.

Be not afraid, the Father is with us,
And all the nine angelic hierarchies,
The Holy Martyrs and the Innocents,
The adoring Magi in their coats of mail,
And He who died and rose on the third day,
And Mary with her seven times wounded heart.

[*The* CHILD *ceases strewing the primroses, and kneels upon the settle beside* MAIRE *and puts her arms about her neck.*]

Cry, daughter, to the Angels and the Saints.

THE CHILD.

You shall go with me, newly-married bride,
And gaze upon a merrier multitude;
White-armed Nuala and Aengus of the birds,
And Feacra of the hurtling foam, and him
Who is the ruler of the western host,
Finvarra, and their Land of Heart's Desire,
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song.
I kiss you and the world begins to fade.

FATHER HART.

Daughter, I call you unto home and love!

THE CHILD.

Stay, and come with me, newly-married bride,
For, if you hear him, you grow like the rest:
Bear children, cook, be mindful of the churn,
And wrangle over butter, fowl, and eggs,
And sit at last there, old and bitter tongue,
Watching the white stars war upon your hopes.

FATHER HART.

Daughter, I point you out the way to heaven.

THE CHILD.

But I can lead you, newly-married bride,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,

Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
And where kind tongues bring no captivity,
For we are only true to the far lights
We follow singing, over valley and hill.

FATHER HART.

By the dear name of the one crucified,
I bid you, Maire Bruin, come to me.

THE CHILD.

I keep you in the name of your own heart!
[*She leaves the settle, and stooping takes up a mass of primroses and kisses them.*]
We have great power to-night, dear golden folk,
For he took down and hid the crucifix.
And my invisible brethren fill the house;
I hear their footsteps going up and down.
O, they shall soon rule all the hearts of men
And own all lands; last night they merrily danced
About his chapel belfry! (*To* MAIRE.) Come away,
I hear my brethren bidding us away!

FATHER HART.

I will go fetch the crucifix again.
[*They hang about him in terror and prevent him from moving.*]

BRIDGET BRUIN.

The enchanted flowers will kill us if you go.

MAURTEEN BRUIN.

They turn the flowers to little twisted flames.

SHAWN BRUIN.

The little twisted flames burn up the heart.

THE CHILD.

I hear them crying, "Newly-married bride,
Come to the woods and waters and pale lights."

MAIRE BRUIN.

I will go with you.

FATHER HART.

She is lost, alas!

THE CHILD [*standing by the door*].

But clinging mortal hope must fall from you
For we who ride the winds, run on the waves,
And dance upon the mountains, are more light
Than dewdrops on the banners of the dawn.

MAIRE BRUIN.

O take me with you.

[SHAWN BRUIN *goes over to her.*]

SHAWN BRUIN.

Beloved, do not leave me!
Remember when I met you by the well
And took your hand in mine and spoke of love.

MAIRE BRUIN.

Dear face! Dear voice!

THE CHILD.

Come, newly-married bride!

MAIRE BRUIN.

I always loved her world — and yet — and yet —

[*Sinks into his arms.*]

THE CHILD [*from the door*].

White bird, white bird, come with me, little bird.

MAIRE BRUIN.

She calls to me!

THE CHILD.

Come with me, little bird!

MAIRE BRUIN.

I can hear songs and dancing!

SHAWN BRUIN.

Stay with me!

MAIRE BRUIN.

I think that I would stay — and yet — and yet —

THE CHILD.

Come, little bird with crest of gold!

MAIRE BRUIN [*very softly*].

And yet —

THE CHILD.

Come, little bird with silver feet!

[MAIRE *dies, and the child goes.*]

SHAWN BRUIN.

She is dead!

BRIDGET BRUIN.

Come from that image: body and soul are gone,
You have thrown your arms about a drift of leaves
Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her image.

FATHER HART.

Thus do the spirits of evil snatch their prey
Almost out of the very hand of God;
And day by day their power is more and more,
And men and women leave old paths, for pride
Comes knocking with thin knuckles on the heart.

A VOICE [*singing outside*].

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;

For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away."

[*The song is taken up by many voices, who sing loudly, as if in triumph. Some of the voices seem to come from within the house.*]

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Mr. Yeats has also edited several volumes of *Irish Fairy and Folk Tales* 1888–1893; *The Works of William Blake,* (in conjunction with Mr. E. J. Ellis,) 3 vols., 1893; *The Poems of William Blake,* (in The Muses Library) 1893; *A Book of Irish Verse:* selected from Modern writers with an Introduction and Notes, 1895, of which last a new edition was published in 1900.

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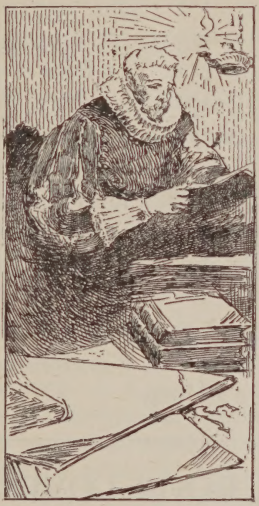

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[1] *Mr. Lang's original poetry was issued as follows:* Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, *1873;* XXII Ballades in Blue China, *1880, later extended to* XXXII *Ballades;* Helen of Troy, *1882;* Ballades and Verses Vain, *edited by Austin Dobson, 1884;* Rhymes a la Mode, *1885;* Grass of Parnassus,

Thus it is in this purely lyrical work (as our selections make manifest), that the poet excels. Such we now offer readers of The Bibelot, *reserving for some future issue specimens of his sonnets and poems deriving from classical sources. And we cannot end our brief note more fittingly than by quoting the two stanzas prefixed by Mr. Austin Dobson to* Ballades and Verses Vain — *a volume which set the seal of approval upon Mr. Lang's fame as a lyrist oversea.*

Laughter and song the poet brings,
And lends them form and gives them wings;
Then sets his chirping squadron free
To post at will by land or sea,
And find their home, if that may be.

Laughter and song this poet, too,
O Western brothers, sends to you:
With doubtful flight the darting train
Have crossed the bleak Atlantic main, —
Now warm them in your hearts again!

1888; Ban and Arrière Ban, a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes, *1894.*

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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

LYRICS
By
ANDREW LANG

TO
E. M. S.

Primâ dicta mihi, summâ dicenda Camenâ.

The years will pass, and hearts will range,
You *conquer Time, and Care, and Change.*
Though Time doth still delight to shed
The dust on many a younger head;
Though Care, oft coming, hath the guile
From younger lips to steal the smile;
Though Change makes younger hearts wax cold,
And sells new loves for loves of old,
Time, Change, nor Care, hath learned the art
To fleck your hair, to chill your heart,
To touch your tresses with the snow,
To mar your mirth of long ago.
Change, Care, nor Time, while life endure,
Shall spoil our ancient friendship sure,
The love which flows from sacred springs,
In 'old unhappy far-off things,'
From sympathies in grief and joy,
Through all the years of man and boy.

Therefore, to you, the rhymes I strung
When even this 'brindled' head was young
I bring, and later rhymes I bring
That flit upon as weak a wing,
But still for you, for yours, they sing!

ANDREW LANG.

(*The Dedication to* Grass of Parnassus, *1888.*)

TO RHODOCLEIA.

ON HER MELANCHOLY SINGING.

(*Rhodocleia was beloved by Rufinus, one of the late poets of the Greek Anthology.*)

STILL, Rhodocleia, brooding on the dead,
Still singing of the meads of asphodel,
Lands desolate of delight?
Say, hast thou dreamed of, or rememberèd,
The shores where shadows dwell,
Nor know the sun, nor see the stars of night?

There, 'midst thy music, doth thy spirit gaze
As a girl pines for home,
Looking along the way that she hath come,
Sick to return, and counts the weary days!
So wouldst thou flee
Back to the multitude whose days are done,
Wouldst taste the fruit that lured Persephone,
The sacrament of death; and die, and be
No more in the wind and sun!

Thou hast not dreamed it, but rememberèd!
I know thou hast been there,
Hast seen the stately dwellings of the dead
Rise in the twilight air,

And crossed the shadowy bridge the spirits tread,
And climbed the golden stair!

Nay, by thy cloudy hair
And lips that were so fair,
Sad lips now mindful of some ancient smart,
And melancholy eyes, the haunt of Care,
I know thee who thou art!
That Rhodocleia, Glory of the Rose,
Of Hellas, ere her close,
That Rhodocleia who, when all was done
The golden time of Greece, and fallen her sun,
Swayed her last poet's heart.

With roses did he woo thee, and with song,
With thine own rose, and with the lily sweet,
The dark-eyed violet,
Garlands of wind-flowers wet,
And fragrant love-lamps that the whole night long
Burned till the dawn was burning in the skies
Praising *thy golden eyes*,
And feet more silvery than Thetis' feet!

But thou didst die and flit
Among the tribes outworn,
The unavailing myriads of the past:
Oft he beheld thy face in dreams of morn,
And, waking, wept for it,

Till his own time came at last,
And then he sought thee in the dusky land!
Wide are the populous places of the dead —
Where souls on earth once wed
May never meet, nor each take other's hand,
Each far from the other fled!

So all in vain he sought for thee, but thou
Didst never taste of the Lethæan stream,
Nor that forgetful fruit,
The mystic pom'granate;
But from the Mighty Warden fledst; and now,
The fugitive of Fate,
Thou farest in our life as in a dream,
Still wandering with thy lute,
Like that sweet paynim lady of old song,
Who sang and wandered long,
For love of her Aucassin, seeking him!
So with thy minstrelsy
Thou roamest, dreaming of the country dim,
Below the veilèd sky!

There doth thy lover dwell,
Singing, and seeking still to find thy face
In that forgetful place:
Thou shalt not meet him here,
Not till thy singing clear
Through all the murmur of the streams of hell
Wins to the Maiden's ear!

May she, perchance, have pity on thee and call
Thine eager spirit to sit beside her feet,
Passing throughout the long unechoing hall
Up to the shadowy throne,
Where the lost lovers of the ages meet;
Till then thou art alone!

CLEVEDON CHURCH.

IN MEMORIAM.

H. B.

WESTWARD I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver grey,
The turbid Channel with the wandering sails
Moans through the winter day.
There is no colour but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea.
But there hath he that woke the sleepless Love
Slept through these fifty years,
There is the grave that has been wept above
With more than mortal tears.
And far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain.

* * * * *

Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies,
My heart flits forth from these
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
Back to the northern seas.
And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster grey,

Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.
And I remember me how twain were one
Beside that ocean dim,
I count the years passed over since the sun
That lights me looked on him,
And dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again,
Far, far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain.

ANOTHER WAY.

COME *to me in my dreams, and then,*
One saith, *I shall be well again,*
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Nay, come not *thou* in dreams, my sweet,
With shadowy robes, and silent feet,
And with the voice, and with the eyes
That greet me in a soft surprise.

Last night, last night, in dreams we met,
And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain
Mine incommunicable pain?

Nay, where thy land and people are,
Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep
The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break,
If dreams depart, and men awake,
If face to face at length we see,
Be thine the voice to welcome me.

MARTIAL IN TOWN.

LAST night, within the stifling train,
Lit by the foggy lamp o'erhead,
Sick of the sad Last News, I read
Verse of that joyous child of Spain,

Who dwelt when Rome was waxing cold,
Within the Roman din and smoke.
And like my heart to me they spoke,
These accents of his heart of old: —

Brother, had we but time to live,
And fleet the careless hours together,
With all that leisure has to give
Of perfect life and peaceful weather,

The Rich Man's halls, the anxious faces,
The weary Forum, courts, and cases
Should know us not; but quiet nooks,
But summer shade by field and well,
But country rides, and talk of books,
At home, with these, we fain would dwell!

Now neither lives, but day by day
Sees the suns wasting in the west,
And feels their flight, and doth delay
To lead the life he loveth best.

So from thy city prison broke,
  Martial, thy wail for life misspent,
And so, through London's noise and smoke
  My heart replies to the lament.

For dear as Tagus with his gold,
  And swifter Salo, were to thee,
So dear to me the woods that fold
  The streams that circle Fernielea!

SCYTHE SONG.

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

AN OLD PRAYER.

Χαῖρέ μοι, ω βασίλεια, διαμπερὲς, εἰς ὅ κε γῆρας
Ελθῃ καὶ θάνατος, τά τ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλονται.
ODYSSEY, XIII.

My prayer an old prayer borroweth,
Of ancient love and memory —
'Do thou farewell, till Eld and Death,
That come to all men, come to thee.'
Gently as winter's early breath,
Scarce felt, what time the swallows flee,
To lands whereof no man knoweth
Of summer, over land and sea;
So with thy soul may summer be,
Even as the ancient singer saith,
'Do thou farewell, till Eld and Death,
That come to all men, come to thee.'

TWILIGHT ON TWEED.

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

* * * * *

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

1870.

BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER.

ἐσορῶν τὰν Σιχελὰν ἐς ἅλα.
ID. VIII. 56.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world — so must it be —

We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ENVOY.

Master, — when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

BALLADE OF LIFE.

"'Dead and gone,'—a sorry burden of the Ballad of Life."
Death's Jest Book.

SAY, fair maids, maying
In gardens green,
In deep dells straying,
What end hath been
Two Mays between
Of the flowers that shone
And your own sweet queen—
"They are dead and gone!"

Say, grave priests, praying
In dule and teen,
From cells decaying
What have ye seen
Of the proud and mean,
Of Judas and John,
Of the foul and clean?—
"They are dead and gone!"

Say, kings, arraying
Loud wars to win,
Of your manslaying
What gain ye glean?
"They are fierce and keen,
But they fall anon,

On the sword that lean,—
They are dead and gone!"

ENVOY.

Through the mad world's scene,
We are drifting on,
To this tune, I ween,
"They are dead and gone!"

BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE.

HERE I'd come when weariest!
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's tufted over
Deep with bracken; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover;
In the cover
Deep below the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover,
Here should failure be confessed;
Ends my quest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ENVOY.

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

THE MOON'S MINION.

(FROM THE PROSE OF C. BAUDELAIRE.)

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear,
The wand'ring waters, green and grey;
Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,
And deep, and deadly, even as they;
The spirit of the changeful sea
Informs thine eyes at night and noon,
She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,
The mystic, sad, capricious Moon!

The Moon came down the shining stair
Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,
She kissed thee, saying, "Child, be fair,
And madden men's hearts, even as I;
Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,
That know me and are known of me;
The lover thou shalt never meet,
The land where thou shalt never be!"

She held thee in her chill embrace,
She kissed thee with cold lips divine,
She left her pallor on thy face,
That mystic ivory face of thine;
And now I sit beside thy feet,
And all my heart is far from thee,
Dreaming of her I shall not meet,
And of the land I shall not see!

RONSARD'S GRAVE.[1]

Ye wells, ye founts that fall
From the steep mountain wall,
That fall, and flash, and fleet
With silver feet,

Ye woods, ye streams that lave
The meadows with your wave,
Ye hills, and valley fair,
Attend my prayer!

When Heaven and Fate decree
My latest hour for me,
When I must pass away
From pleasant day,

I ask that none may break
The marble for my sake,
Wishful to make more fair
My sepulchre.

Only a laurel tree
Shall shade the grave of me,
Only Apollo's bough
Shall guard me now!

---

1 *Ronsard's Grave.* This version ventures to condense the original which, like most of the works of the Pleiad, is unnecessarily long.

Now shall I be at rest
Among the spirits blest,
The happy dead that dwell —
Where, — who may tell?

The snow and wind and hail[1]
May never there prevail,
Nor ever thunder fall
Nor storm at all.

But always fadeless there
The woods are green and fair,
And faithful ever more
Spring to that shore!

There shall I ever hear
Alcaeus' music clear,
And sweetest of all things
There SAPPHO sings.

---

1 *The snow, and wind, and hail.* Ronsard's rendering of the famous passage in Odyssey, vi., about the dwellings of the Olympians. The vision of a Paradise of learned lovers and poets constantly recurs in the poetry of Joachim du Bellay, and of Ronsard.

[See *Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard . . . Selected and Translated into English Verse by Curtis Hidden Page,* Boston, 1903.]

ROMANCE.[1]

My Love dwelt in a Northern land.
A grey tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
The woven forest boughs between!

And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches grey;
About the coming of the light,
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

---

[1] *Romance.* Suggested by a passage in *La Faustin*, by M. E. de Goncourt, a curious moment of poetry in a repulsive piece of *naturalisme*.

DARK Lily without blame,
Not upon us the shame,
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true,
They, by the Maiden's side,
Victorious fought and died,
One stood by thee that fiery torment through,
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,
And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see
In artist's imagery,
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing
Was in an Archer's hand
From the leal Northern land.
Alas, what price would not thy people bring
To win that portrait of the ruinous
Gulf of devouring years that hide the Maid from us!

Born of a lowly line,
Noteless as once was thine,
One of that name I would were kin to me,
Who, in the Scottish Guard
Won this for his reward,
To fight for France, and memory of thee:
Not upon us, dark Lily without blame,
Not on the North may fall the shadow of that shame.

On France and England both
The shame of broken troth,
Of coward hate and treason black must be;
If England slew thee, France
Sent not one word, one lance,
One coin to rescue or to ransom thee.
And still thy Church unto the Maid denies
The halo and the palms, the Beatific prize.

But yet thy people calls
Within the rescued walls
Of Orleans; and makes its prayer to thee;
What though the Church have chidden
These orisons forbidden,
Yet art thou with this earth's immortal Three,
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,
And with thy Master dear whom the world crucified.

LES ROSES DE SÂDI.

THIS morning I vowed I would bring thee my Roses,
They were thrust in the band that my bodice encloses
But the breast-knots were broken, the Roses went free.

The breast-knots were broken; the Roses together
Floated forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,
And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses,
But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the Roses,
Thou shalt know, Love, how fragrant a memory can be.

BOAT-SONG.

ADRIFT, with starlit skies above,
With starlit seas below,
We move with all the suns that move,
With all the seas that flow:
For, bond or free, earth, sky, and sea,
Wheel with one central will,
And thy heart drifteth on to me,
And only Time stands still.

Between two shores of death we drift,
Behind are things forgot,
Before, the tide is racing swift
To shores man knoweth not.
Above, the sky is far and cold,
Below, the moaning sea
Sweeps o'er the loves that were of old,
But thou, Love, love thou me.

Ah, lonely are the ocean ways,
And dangerous the deep,
And frail the fairy barque that strays
Above the seas asleep.
Ah, toil no more with helm or oar,
We drift, or bond or free,
On yon far shore the breakers roar,
But thou, Love, love thou me!

LOST LOVE.

WHO wins his Love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And Memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her grey,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The Love some seem to gain:
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The lands of Dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

WHOM hast thou longed for most,
True love of mine?
Whom hast thou loved and lost?
Lo, she is thine!

She that another wed
Breaks from her vow;
She that hath long been dead
Wakes for thee now.

Dreams haunt the hapless bed,
Ghosts haunt the night,
Life crowns her living head,
Love and Delight.

Nay, not a dream nor ghost,
Nay, but Divine,
She that was loved and lost
Waits to be thine!

THE SPINET.

My heart's an old Spinet with strings
To laughter chiefly tuned, but some
That Fate has practised hard on, dumb,
They answer not whoever sings.
The ghosts of half-forgotten things
Will touch the keys with fingers numb,
The little mocking spirits come
And thrill it with their fairy wings.

A jingling harmony it makes
My heart, my lyre, my old Spinet,
And now a memory it wakes,
And now the music means "forget,"
And little heed the player takes
Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret.

The Fortunes of Fifi

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---

[1] *Originally printed in book form in* Sketches in Italy and Greece, *(1874,)—(a second edition was called for five years later), — this essay on* Popular Songs of Tuscany *is still somewhat inaccessible even in the third reissue of 1898 where, under the collective title of* Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece, *a considerable body of Symonds' most fascinating work is finally brought together.*

research, so delicately in touch with the choicest treasures of classical and modern literature, is unlikely of losing immediate prestige: the name of Symonds will hold its own as against any later man of letters who may come into his self-chosen and hard won field.

Rereading such love songs out of Tuscany one cannot but be reminded of the passion laden ditties of other lands. There is the same simple sorrowfulness in Jean Passerat's villanelle of three centuries ago:

> *"I have lost my dove for aye*
> *Stilled her notes of ecstasy:*
> *I would follow her alway,—"*

as in one of the modern Rispetti out of An Italian Garden, — *that exquisite book which so few have as yet taken to heart,— where the identical note is repeated with poignant insistence:*

> *"Ah me, you well might wait a little while,*
> *And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!*
> *I had a home, a little distant isle,*
> *With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.*
>
> *I had a home! It was less dear than thou,*
> *And I forgot, as you forget me now.*
> *I had a home, more dear than I could tell,*
> *And I forgot, but now remember well."*

FOR SEPTEMBER:
VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE
BY J. W. MACKAIL.

POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY.

It is a noticeable fact about the popular songs of Tuscany that they are almost exclusively devoted to love. The Italians in general have no ballad literature resembling that of our Border or that of Spain. The tragic histories of their noble families, the great deeds of their national heroes, and the sufferings of their country during centuries of warfare, have left but few traces in their rustic poetry. It is true that some districts are less utterly barren than others in these records of the past. The Sicilian people's poetry, for example, preserves a memory of the famous Vespers; and one or two terrible stories of domestic tragedy, like the tale of Rosmunda in "La Donna Lombarda," the romance of the Baronessa di Carini, and the so-called Caso di Sciacca, may still be heard upon the lips of the people. But these exceptions are insignificant in comparison with the vast mass of songs which deal with love; and I cannot find that Tuscany, where the language of this minstrelsy is purest, and where the artistic instincts of the race are strongest, has any-

thing at all approaching to our ballads.[1] Though the Tuscan contadini are always singing, it rarely happens that

> "The plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

On the contrary, we may be sure, when we hear their voices ringing through the olive-groves or macchi, that they are chanting

> "Some more humble lay,
> Familiar matter of to-day,—
> Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
> That has been, and may be again;"

or else, since their melodies are by no means uniformly sad, some ditty of the joyousness of spring-time or the ecstasy of love.

This defect of anything corresponding to our ballads of "Chevy Chase," or "Sir

---

1 This sentence requires some qualification. In his "Poesia Popolare Italiana," 1878, Professor d'Ancona prints a Pisan, a Venetian, and two Lombard versions of our Border ballad "Where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son," so close in general type and minor details to the English, German, Swedish, and Finnish versions of this Volkslied as to suggest a very ancient community of origin. It remains as yet, however, an isolated fact in the history of Italian popular poetry.

Patrick Spens," or "Gil Morrice," in a poetry which is still so vital with the life of past centuries, is all the more remarkable because Italian history is distinguished above that of other nations by tragic episodes peculiarly suited to poetic treatment. Many of these received commemoration in the fourteenth century from Dante; others were embodied in the *novelle* of Boccaccio and Cinthio and Bandello, whence they passed into the dramas of Shakspere, Webster, Ford, and their contemporaries. But scarcely an echo can be traced through all the volumes of the recently collected popular songs. We must seek for an explanation of this fact partly in the conditions of Italian life, and partly in the nature of the Italian imagination. Nowhere in Italy do we observe that intimate connection between the people at large and the great nobles which generates the sympathy of clanship. Politics in most parts of the peninsula fell at a very early period into the hands either of irresponsible princes, who ruled like despots, or else of burghers, who administered the state within the walls of their Palazzo Pubblico. The people remained passive spectators of contemporary

history. The loyalty of subjects to their sovereign which animates the Spanish ballads, the loyalty of retainers to their chief which gives life to the tragic ballads of the Border, did not exist in Italy. Country-folk felt no interest in the doings of Visconti or Medici or Malatesti sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of local bards or to call forth the celebration of their princely tragedies in verse. Amid the miseries of foreign wars and home oppression, it seemed better to demand from verse and song some mitigation of the woes of life, some expression of personal emotion, than to record the disasters which to us at a distance appear poetic in their grandeur.

These conditions of popular life, although unfavourable to the production of ballad poetry, would not, however, have been sufficient by themselves to check its growth, if the Italians had been strongly impelled to literature of this type by their nature. The real reason why their *Volkslieder* are amorous and personal is to be found in the quality of their imagination. The Italian genius is not creatively imaginative in the highest sense. The Italians have never, either in the

ancient or the modern age, produced a great drama or a national epic, the "Æneid" and the "Divine Comedy" being obviously of different species from the "Iliad" or the "Niebelungen Lied." Modern Italians, again, are distinguished from the French, the Germans, and the English in being the conscious inheritors of an older, august, and strictly classical civilisation. The great memories of Rome weigh down their faculties of invention. It would also seem as though they shrank in their poetry from the representation of what is tragic and spirit-stirring. They incline to what is cheerful, brilliant, or pathetic. The dramatic element in human life, external to the personality of the poet, which exercised so strong a fascination over our ballad-bards and playwrights, has but little attraction for the Italian. When he sings, he seeks to express his own individual emotions — his love, his joy, his jealousy, his anger, his despair. The language which he uses is at the same time direct in its intensity, and hyperbolical in its display of fancy; but it lacks those imaginative touches which exalt the poetry of personal passion into a sublimer region. Again, the Italians are

deficient in a sense of the supernatural. The wraiths that cannot rest because their love is still unsatisfied, the voices which cry by night over field and fell, the water-spirits and forest fairies, the second-sight of coming woes, the presentiment of death, the warnings and the charms and spells, which fill the popular poetry of all Northern nations, are absent in Italian songs. In the whole of Tigri's collection I only remember one mention of a ghost. It is not that the Italians are deficient in superstitions of all kinds. Every one has heard of their belief in the evil eye, for instance. But they do not connect this kind of fetichism with their poetry; and even their greatest poets, with the exception of Dante, have shown no capacity or no inclination for enhancing the imaginative effect of their creations by an appeal to the instinct of mysterious awe.

The truth is that the Italians as a race are distinguished as much by a firm grasp upon the practical realities of existence as by powerful emotions. They have but little of that dreamy *Schwärmerei* with which the people of the North are largely gifted. The true sphere of their genius is painting. What

appeals to the imagination through the eyes, they have expressed far better than any other modern nation. But their poetry, like their music, is deficient in tragic sublimity and in the higher qualities of imaginative creation. It may seem paradoxical to say this of the nation which produced Dante. But we must remember not to judge races by single and exceptional men of genius. Petrarch, the Troubadour of exquisite emotions, Boccaccio, who touches all the keys of life so lightly, Ariosto, with the smile of everlasting April on his lips, and Tasso, excellent alone when he confines himself to pathos or the picturesque, are no exceptions to what I have just said. Yet these poets pursued their art with conscious purpose. The tragic splendour of Greece, the majesty of Rome, were not unknown to them. Far more is it true that popular poetry in Italy, proceeding from the hearts of uncultivated peasants and expressing the national character in its simplicity, displays none of the stuff from which the greatest works of art in verse, epics and dramas, can be wrought. But within its own sphere of personal emotion, this popular poetry is exquisitely melodious, inexhaustibly

rich, unique in modern literature for the direct expression which it has given to every shade of passion.

Signor Tigri's collection,[1] to which I shall confine my attention in this paper, consists of eleven hundred and eighty-five *rispetti*, with the addition of four hundred and sixty-one *stornelli*. Rispetto, it may be said in passing, is the name commonly given throughout Italy to short poems, varying from six to twelve lines, constructed on the principle of the octave stanza. That is to say, the first part of the rispetto consists of four or six lines with alternate rhymes, while one or more couplets, called the *ripresa*, complete the poem.[2] The stornello, or ritournelle, never exceeds three lines, and owes its name to the return which it makes at the end of the last line to the rhyme given

1 Canti Popolari Toscani, raccolti e annotati da Giuseppe Tigri. Volume unico. Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1869.

2 This is a description of the Tuscan rispetto. In Sicily the stanza generally consists of eight lines rhyming alternately throughout, while in the North of Italy it is normally a simple quatrain. The same poetical material assumes in Northern, Central, and Southern Italy these diverse but associated forms.

by the emphatic word of the first. Browning, in his poem of Fra Lippo Lippi, has accustomed English ears to one common species of the stornello,[1] which sets out with name of a flower, and rhymes with it, as thus: —

> "Fior di narciso.
> Prigionero d'amore mi son reso,
> Nel rimirare il tuo leggiadro viso."

The divisions of those two sorts of songs, to which Tigri gives names like the Beauty of Women, The Beauty of Men, Falling in Love, Serenades, Happy Love, Unhappy Love, Parting, Absence, Letters, Return to Home, Anger and Jealousy, Promises, Entreaties and Reproaches, Indifference, Treachery and Abandonment, prove with what fulness the various phases of the tender passion are treated. Through the whole fifteen hundred the one theme of Love is

1 This song, called Ciure (Sicilian for *fiore*) in Sicily, is said by Signor Pitré to be in disrepute there. He once asked an old dame of Palermo to repeat him some of these ditties. Her answer was, "You must get them from light women; I do not know any. They sing them in bad houses and prisons, where, God be praised, I have never been." In Tuscany there does not appear to be so marked a distinction between the flower-song and the rispetto.

never relinquished. Only two persons, "I" and "thou" appear upon the scene; yet so fresh and so various are the moods of feeling, that one can read them from first to last without too much satiety.

To seek for the authors of these ditties would be useless. Some of them may be as old as the fourteenth century; others may have been made yesterday. Some are the native product of the Tuscan mountain villages, especially of the regions round Pistoja and Siena, where on the spurs of the Apennines the purest Italian is vernacular. Some, again, are importations from other provinces, especially from Sicily and Naples, caught up by the peasants of Tuscany and adapted to their taste and style; for nothing travels faster than a *Volkslied*. Born some morning in a noisy street of Naples, or on the solitary slopes of Radicofani, before the week is out, a hundred voices are repeating it. Waggoners and pedlars carry it across the hills to distant towns. It floats with the fishermen from bay to bay, and marches with the conscript to his barrack in a far-off province. Who was the first to give it shape and form? No one asks, and no one cares.

A student well acquainted with the habits of the people in these matters says, "If they knew the author of a ditty, they would not learn it, far less if they discovered that it was a scholar's." If the cadence takes their ear, they consecrate the song at once by placing it upon the honoured list of "ancient lays." Passing from lip to lip and from district to district, it receives additions and alterations, and becomes the property of a score of provinces. Meanwhile the poet from whose soul it blossomed that first morning like a flower, remains contented with obscurity. The wind has carried from his lips the thistle-down of song, and sown it on a hundred hills and meadows, far and wide. After such wise is the birth of all truly popular compositions. Who knows, for instance, the veritable author of many of those mighty German chorals which sprang into being at the period of the Reformation? The first inspiration was given, probably, to a single mind; but the melody, as it has reached us, is the product of a thousand. This accounts for the variations which in different dialects and districts the same song presents. Meanwhile it is sometimes possi-

ble to trace the authorship of a ballad with marked local character to an improvisatore famous in his village, or to one of those professional rhymesters whom the country-folk employ in the composition of love-letters to their sweethearts at a distance.[1] Tommaseo, in the preface to his Canti Popolari, mentions in particular a Beatrice di Pian degli Ontani, whose poetry was famous through the mountains of Pistoja; and Tigri records by name a little girl called Cherubina, who made rispetti by the dozen as she watched her sheep upon the hills. One of the songs in his collection (page 181) contains a direct reference to the village letter-writer: —

> "Salutatemi, bella, lo scrivano;
> Non lo conosco e non so chi si sia.
> A me mi pare un poeta sovrano,
> Tanto gli è sperto nella poesia." [2]

1 Much light has lately been thrown on the popular poetry of Italy; and it appears that contemporary improvisatori trust more to their richly-stocked memories and to their power of recombination than to original or novel inspiration. It is in Sicily that the vein of truly creative lyric utterance is said to flow most freely and most copiously at the present time.

2 Remember me, fair one, to the scrivener. I do not know him or who he is, but he seems to me a sovereign poet, so cunning is he in his use of verse.

While I am writing thus about the production and dissemination of these love-songs, I cannot help remembering three days and nights which I once spent at sea between Genoa and Palermo, in the company of some conscripts who were going to join their regiment in Sicily. They were lads from the Milanese and Liguria, and they spent a great portion of their time in composing and singing poetry. One of them had a fine baritone voice; and when the sun had set, his comrades gathered round him and begged him to sing to them "Con quella patetica tua voce." Then followed hours of singing, the low monotonous melodies of his ditties harmonising wonderfully with the tranquillity of night, so clear and calm that the sky and all its stars were mirrored on the sea, through which we moved as if in a dream. Sometimes the songs provoked conversation, which, as is usual in Italy, turned mostly upon "le bellezze delle donne." I remember that once an animated discussion about the relative merits of blondes and brunettes nearly ended in a quarrel, when the youngest of the whole band, a boy of about seventeen, put a stop to the dispute by theatrically

raising his eyes and arms to heaven and crying, "Tu sei innamorato d'una grande Diana cacciatrice nera, ed io d'una bella Venere bionda." Though they were but village lads, they supported their several opinions with arguments not unworthy of Firenzuola, and showed the greatest delicacy of feeling in the treatment of a subject which could scarcely have failed to reveal any latent coarseness.

The purity of all the Italian love-songs collected by Tigri is very remarkable.[1] Although the passion expressed in them is Oriental in its vehemence, not a word falls which could offend a virgin's ear. The one desire of lovers is lifelong union in marriage.

1 It must be remarked that Tigri draws a strong contrast in this respect between the songs of the mountain districts which he has printed and those of the towns, and that Pitrè, in his edition of Sicilian *Volkslieder*, expressly alludes to the coarseness of a whole class which he had omitted. The MSS. of Sicilian and Tuscan songs, dating from the fifteenth century and earlier, yield a fair proportion of decidedly obscene compositions. Yet the fact stated above is integrally correct. When acclimatised in the large towns, the rustic Muse not unfrequently assumes a garb of grossness. At home, among the fields and on the mountains, she remains chaste and romantic.

The *damo* — for so a sweetheart is termed in Tuscany — trembles until he has gained the approval of his future mother-in-law, and forbids the girl he is courting to leave her house to talk to him at night: —

"Dice che tu ti affacci alla finestra:
Ma non ti dice che tu vada fuora,
Perché, la notte, é cosa disonesta."

All the language of his love is respectful. *Signore*, or master of my soul, *madonna*, *anima mia*, *dolce mio ben*, *nobil persona*, are the terms of adoration with which he approaches his mistress. The elevation of feeling and perfect breeding which Manzoni has so well delineated in the loves of Renzo and Lucia are traditional among Italian country-folk. They are conscious that true gentleness is no matter of birth or fortune: —

"E tu non mi lasciar per poverezza,
Chè povertà non guasta gentilezza." [1]

1 In a rispetto, of which I subjoin a translation, sung by a poor lad to a mistress of higher rank, love itself is pleaded as the sign of a gentle soul:

"My state is poor: I am not meet
To court so nobly born a love;
For poverty hath tied my feet,
Trying to climb too far above.
Yet am I gentle, loving thee;
Nor need thou shun my poverty."

This in itself constitutes an important element of culture, and explains to some extent the high romantic qualities of their impassioned poetry. The beauty of their land reveals still more. "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!" Virgil's exclamation is as true now as it was when he sang the labours of Italian country-folk some nineteen centuries ago. To a traveller from the north there is a pathos even in the contrast between the country in which these children of a happier climate toil, and those bleak, winter-beaten fields where our own peasants pass their lives. The cold nights and warm days of Tuscan spring-time are like a Swiss summer. They make rich pasture and a hardy race of men. Tracts of corn and oats and rye alternate with patches of flax in full flower, with meadows yellow with buttercups or pink with ragged robin; the young vines, running from bough to bough of elm and mulberry, are just coming into leaf. The poplars are fresh with bright green foliage. On the verge of this blooming plain stand ancient cities ringed with hills, some rising to snowy Apennines, some covered with white convents and sparkling with villas.

Cypresses shoot, black and spirelike, amid gray clouds of olive-boughs upon the slopes; and above, where vegetation borders on the barren rock, are masses of ilex and arbutus interspersed with chestnut-trees not yet in leaf. Men and women are everywhere at work, ploughing with great white oxen, or tilling the soil with spades six feet in length — Sabellian ligones. The songs of nightingales among acacia-trees, and the sharp scream of swallows wheeling in air, mingle with the monotonous chant that always rises from the country-people at their toil. Here and there on points of vantage, where the hill-slopes sink into the plain, cluster white villages with flower-like campanili. It is there that the veglia, or evening rendezvous of lovers, the serenades and balls and feste, of which one hears so much in the popular minstrelsy, take place. Of course it would not be difficult to paint the darker shades of this picture. Autumn comes, when the contadini of Lucca and Siena and Pistoja go forth to work in the unwholesome marshes of the Maremma, or of Corsica and Sardinia. Dismal superstitions and hereditary hatreds cast their blight over

a life externally so fair. The bad government of centuries has perverted in many ways the instincts of a people naturally mild and cheerful and peace-loving. But as far as nature can make men happy, these husbandmen are surely to be reckoned fortunate, and in their songs we find little to remind us of what is otherwise than sunny in their lot.

A translator of these *Volkslieder* has to contend with difficulties of no ordinary kind. The freshness of their phrases, the spontaneity of their sentiments, and the melody of their unstudied cadences, are inimitable. So again is the peculiar effect of their frequent transitions from the most fanciful imagery to the language of prose. No mere student can hope to rival, far less to reproduce, in a foreign tongue, the charm of verse which sprang untaught from the hearts of simple folk, which lives unwritten on the lips of lovers, and which should never be dissociated from singing.[1] There

1 When the Cherubina, of whom mention has been made above, was asked by Signor Tigri to dictate some of her rispetti, she answered, "O signore! ne dico tanti quando li canto! . . . ma ora . . . bisognerebbe averli tutti in visione; se no, proprio non vengono."

are, besides, peculiarities in the very structure of the popular rispetto. The constant repetition of the same phrase with slight variations, especially in the closing lines of the *ripresa* of the Tuscan rispetto, gives an antique force and flavour to these ditties, like that which we appreciate in our own ballads, but which may easily, in the translation, degenerate into weakness and insipidity. The Tuscan rhymester, again, allows himself the utmost licence. It is usual to find mere assonances like *bene* and *piacere*, *oro* and *volo*, *ala* and *alata*, in the place of rhymes; while such remote resemblances of sound as *colli* and *poggi*, *lascia* and *piazza*, are far from uncommon. To match these rhymes by joining "home" and "alone," "time" and "shine," &c., would of course be a matter of no difficulty; but it has seemed to me on the whole best to preserve, with some exceptions, such accuracy as the English ear requires. I fear, however, that, after all, these wild-flowers of song, transplanted to another climate and placed in a hothouse, will appear but pale and hectic by the side of their robuster brethren of the Tuscan hills.

In the following serenade many of the

peculiarities which I have just noticed occur. I have also adhered to the irregularity of rhyme which may be usually observed about the middle of the poem (p. 103): —

> "Sleeping or waking, thou sweet face,
> Lift up thy fair and tender brow:
> List to thy love in this still place;
> He calls thee to thy window now:
> But bids thee not the house to quit,
> Since in the night this were not meet.
> Come to thy window, stay within;
> I stand without, and sing and sing:
> Come to thy window, stay at home;
> I stand without, and make my moan."

Here is a serenade of a more impassioned character (p. 99): —

> "I come to visit thee, my beauteous queen,
> Thee and the house where thou art harbourèd:
> All the long way upon my knees, my queen,
> I kiss the earth where'er thy footsteps tread.
> I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the wall,
> Whereby thou goest, maid imperial!
> I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the house,
> Whereby thou farest, queen most beauteous!"

In the next the lover, who has passed the whole night beneath his sweetheart's window, takes leave at the break of day. The feeling of the half-hour before dawn, when the sound of bells rises to meet the growing

light, and both form a prelude to the glare and noise of day, is expressed with much unconscious poetry (p. 105): —

"I see the dawn e'en now begin to peer:
Therefore I take my leave, and cease to sing.
See how the windows open far and near,
And hear the bells of morning, how they ring!
Through heaven and earth the sounds of ringing swell;
Therefore, bright jasmine flower, sweet maid, farewell!
Through heaven and Rome the sound of ringing goes;
Farewell, bright jasmine flower, sweet maiden rose!"

The next is more quaint (p. 99): —

"I come by night, I come, my soul aflame;
I come in this fair hour of your sweet sleep:
And should I wake you up, it were a shame.
I cannot sleep, and lo! I break your sleep.
To wake you were a shame from your deep rest;
Love never sleeps, nor they whom Love hath blest."

A very great many rispetti are simple panegyrics of the beloved, to find similitude for whose beauty heaven and earth are ransacked. The compliment of the first line in the following song is perfect (p. 23): —

"Beauty was born with you, fair maid:
The sun and moon inclined to you;

On you the snow her whiteness laid,
The rose her rich and radiant hue:
Saint Magdalen her hair unbound,
And Cupid taught you how to wound—
How to wound hearts Dan Cupid taught:
Your beauty drives me love-distraught."

The lady in the next was December's child (p. 25):—

"O beauty, born in winter's night,
Born in the month of spotless snow:
Your face is like a rose so bright;
Your mother may be proud of you!
She may be proud, lady of love,
Such sunlight shines her house above:
She may be proud, lady of heaven,
Such sunlight to her home is given."

The sea wind is the source of beauty to another (p. 16):—

"Nay, marvel not you are so fair;
For you beside the sea were born:
The sea-waves keep you fresh and fair,
Like roses on their leafy thorn.
If roses grow on the rose-bush,
Your roses through midwinter blush;
If roses bloom on the rose-bed,
Your face can show both white and red."

The eyes of a fourth are compared, after quite a new and original fashion, to stars (p. 210):—

"The moon hath risen her plaint to lay
Before the face of Love Divine,
Saying in heaven she will not stay,
Since you have stolen what made her shine:
Aloud she wails with sorrow wan,—
She told her stars and two are gone:
They are not there; you have them now;
They are the eyes in your bright brow."

Nor are girls less ready to praise their lovers, but that they do not dwell so much on physical perfection. Here is a pleasant greeting (p. 124):—

"O welcome, welcome, lily white,
Thou fairest youth of all the valley!
When I'm with you, my soul is light;
I chase away dull melancholy.
I chase all sadness from my heart:
Then welcome, dearest that thou art!
I chase all sadness from my side:
Then welcome, O my love, my pride!
I chase all sadness far away:
Then welcome, welcome, love, to-day!"

The image of a lily is very prettily treated in the next (p. 79):—

"I planted a lily yestreen at my window;
I set it yestreen, and to-day it sprang up:
When I opened the latch and leaned out of my window,
It shadowed my face with its beautiful cup.

O lily, my lily, how tall you are grown!
Remember how dearly I loved you, my own.
O lily, my lily, you'll grow to the sky!
Remember I love you for ever and aye."

The same thought of love growing like a flower receives another turn (p. 69): —

"On yonder hill I saw a flower;
And, could it thence be hither borne,
I'd plant it here within my bower,
And water it both eve and morn.
Small water wants the stem so straight:
'Tis a love-lily stout as fate.
Small water wants the root so strong:
'Tis a love-lily lasting long.
Small water wants the flower so sheen:
'Tis a love-lily ever green."

Envious tongues have told a girl that her complexion is not good. She replies, with imagery like that of Virgil's "Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur" (p. 31): —

"Think it no grief that I am brown,
For all brunettes are born to reign:
White is the snow, yet trodden down;
Black pepper kings need not disdain:
White snow lies mounded on the vales;
Black pepper's weighed in brazen scales."

Another song runs on the same subject (p. 38): —

"The whole world tells me that I'm brown,
The brown earth gives us goodly corn;
The clove-pink too, however brown,
Yet proudly in the hand 'tis borne.
They say my love is black, but he
Shines like an angel-form to me:
They say my love is dark as night;
To me he seems a shape of light."

The freshness of the following spring song recalls the ballads of the Val de Vire in Normandy (p. 85):—

"It was the morning of the first of May,
Into the close I went to pluck a flower;
And there I found a bird of woodland gay,
Who whiled with songs of love the silent hour.
O bird, who fliest from fair Florence, how
Dear love begins, I prithee teach me now!—
Love it begins with music and with song,
And ends with sorrow and with sighs ere long.

Love at first sight is described (p. 79):—

"The very moment that we met,
That moment love began to beat:
One glance of love we gave, and swore
Never to part for evermore;
We swore together, sighing deep,
Never to part till Death's long sleep."

Here too is a memory of the first days of love (p. 79):—

"If I remember, it was May
When love began between us two:
The roses in the close were gay,
The cherries blackened on the bough.
O cherries black and pears so green!
Of maidens fair you are the queen.
Fruit of black cherry and sweet pear!
Of sweethearts you're the queen, I swear."

The troth is plighted with such promises as these (p. 230): —

"Or ere I leave you, love divine,
Dead tongues shall stir and utter speech,
And running rivers flow with wine,
And fishes swim upon the beach;
Or ere I leave or shun you, these
Lemons shall grow on orange-trees."

The girl confesses her love after this fashion (p. 86): —

"Passing across the billowy sea,
I let, alas, my poor heart fall;
I bade the sailors bring it me;
They said they had not seen it fall.
I asked the sailors, one and two;
They said that I had given it you.
I asked the sailors, two and three;
They said that I had given it thee."

It is not uncommon to speak of love as a sea. Here is a curious play upon this image (p. 227): —

"Ho, Cupid! Sailor Cupid, ho!
Lend me awhile that bark of thine;
For on the billows I will go,
To find my love who once was mine:
And if I find her, she shall wear
A chain around her neck so fair,
Around her neck a glittering bond,
Four stars, a lily, a diamond."

It is also possible that the same thought may occur in the second line of the next ditty (p. 120): —

"Beneath the earth I'll make a way
To pass the sea and come to you.
People will think I'm gone away;
But, dear, I shall be seeing you.
People will say that I am dead;
But we'll pluck roses white and red:
People will think I'm lost for aye;
But we'll pluck roses, you and I."

All the little daily incidents are beautified by love. Here is a lover who thanks the mason for making his window so close upon the road that he can see his sweetheart as she passes (p. 118): —

"Blest be the mason's hand who built
This house of mine by the roadside,
And made my window low and wide
For me to watch my love go by.
And if I knew when she went by,

My window should be fairly gilt;
And if I knew what time she went,
My window should be flower-besprent."

Here is a conceit which reminds one of the pretty epistle of Philostratus, in which the footsteps of the beloved are called ἐρηρεισμένα φιλήματα (p. 117):—

"What time I see you passing by,
I sit and count the steps you take:
You take the steps; I sit and sigh:
Step after step, my sighs awake.
Tell me, dear love, which more abound,
My sighs or your steps on the ground?
Tell me, dear love, which are the most,
Your light steps or the sighs they cost?"

A girl complains that she cannot see her lover's house (p. 117):—

"I lean upon the lattice, and look forth
To see the house wherein my lover dwells.
There grows an envious tree that spoils my mirth:
Cursed be the man who set it on these hills!
But when those jealous boughs are all unclad,
I then shall see the cottage of my lad:
When once that tree is rooted from the hills,
I'll see the house wherein my lover dwells."

In the same mood a girl who has just parted from her sweetheart is angry with the hill beyond which he is travelling (p. 167):—

"I see and see, yet see not what I would :
I see the leaves atremble on the tree :
I saw my love where on the hill he stood,
Yet see him not drop downward to the lea.
O traitor hill, what will you do ?
I ask him, live or dead, from you.
O traitor hill, what shall it be ?
I ask him, live or dead, from thee."

All the songs of love in absence are very quaint. Here is one which calls our nursery rhymes to mind (p. 119) : —

"I would I were a bird so free,
That I had wings to fly away :
Unto that window I would flee,
Where stands my love and grinds all day.
Grind, miller, grind ; the water's deep !
I cannot grind ; love makes me weep.
Grind, miller, grind ; the waters flow !
I cannot grind ; love wastes me so."

The next begins after the same fashion, but breaks into a very shower of benedictions (p. 118) : —

"Would God I were a swallow free,
That I had wings to fly away :
Upon the miller's door I'd be,
Where stands my love and grinds all day :
Upon the door, upon the sill,
Where stays my love ; — God bless him still !
God bless my love, and blessèd be
His house, and bless my house for me ;

Yea, blest be both, and ever blest
My lover's house, and all the rest!"

The girl alone at home in her garden sees a wood-dove flying by and calls to it (p. 179):—

"O dove, who fliest far to yonder hill,
Dear dove, who in the rock hast made thy nest,
Let me a feather from thy pinion pull,
For I will write to him who loves me best.
And when I've written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, dove so dear:
And when I've written it and sealed it, then
I'll give thee back thy feather love-laden."

A swallow is asked to lend the same kind service (p. 179):—

"O swallow, swallow, flying through the air,
Turn, turn, I prithee, from thy flight above!
Give me one feather from thy wing so fair,
For I will write a letter to my love.
When I have written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow dear;
When I have written it on paper white,
I'll make, I swear, thy missing feather right;
When once 'tis written on fair leaves of gold,
I'll give thee back thy wing and flight so bold."

Long before Tennyson's song in the "Princess," it would seem that swallows were favourite messengers of love. In the next song which I translate, the repetition of one

thought with delicate variation is full of character (p. 178): —

"O swallow, flying over hill and plain,
If thou shouldst find my love, oh bid him come!
And tell him, on these mountains I remain
Even as a lamb who cannot find her home:
And tell him, I am left all, all alone,
Even as a tree whose flowers are overblown:
And tell him, I am left without a mate
Even as a tree whose boughs are desolate:
And tell him, I am left uncomforted
Even as the grass upon the meadows dead."

The following is spoken by a girl who has been watching the lads of the village returning from their autumn service in the plain, and whose damo comes the last of all (p. 240): —

"O dear my love, you come too late!
What found you by the way to do?
I saw your comrades pass the gate,
But yet not you, dear heart, not you!
If but a little more you'd stayed,
With sighs you would have found me dead;
If but a while you'd kept me crying,
With sighs you would have found me dying."

The *amantium iræ* find a place too in these rustic ditties. A girl explains to her sweetheart (p. 240): —

"'Twas told me and vouchsafed for true,
Your kin are wroth as wroth can be;
For loving me they swear at you,
They swear at you because of me;
Your father, mother, all your folk,
Because you love me, chafe and choke:
Then set your kith and kin at ease;
Set them at ease and let me die:
Set the whole clan of them at ease;
Set them at ease and see me die!"

Another suspects that her damo has paid his suit to a rival (p. 200): —

"On Sunday morning well I knew
Where gaily dressed you turned your feet;
And there were many saw it too,
And came to tell me through the street:
And when they spoke, I smiled, ah me!
But in my room wept privately;
And when they spoke, I sang for pride,
But in my room alone I sighed."

Then come reconciliations (p. 223): —

"Let us make peace, my love, my bliss!
For cruel strife can last no more.
If you say nay, yet I say yes:
'Twixt me and you there is no war.
Princes and mighty lords make peace;
And so may lovers twain, I wis;
Princes and soldiers sign a truce;
And so may two sweethearts like us:
Princes and potentates agree;
And so may friends like you and me."

There is much character about the following, which is spoken by the damo (p. 223): —

"As yonder mountain height I trod,
I chanced to think of your dear name;
I knelt with clasped hands on the sod,
And thought of my neglect with shame:
I knelt upon the stone, and swore
Our love should bloom as heretofore."

Sometimes the language of affection takes a more imaginative tone, as in the following (p. 232): —

"Dearest, what time you mount to heaven above,
I'll meet you holding in my hand my heart:
You to your breast shall clasp me full of love,
And I will lead you to our Lord apart.
Our Lord, when he our love so true hath known,
Shall make of our two hearts one heart alone;
One heart shall make of our two hearts, to rest
In heaven amid the splendours of the blest."

This was the woman's. Here is the man's (p. 113): —

"If I were master of all loveliness,
I'd make thee still more lovely than thou art:
If I were master of all wealthiness,
Much gold and silver should be thine, sweetheart!
If I were master of the house of hell,
I'd bar the brazen gates in thy sweet face;
Or ruled the place where purging spirits dwell,
I'd free thee from that punishment apace.

Were I in paradise and thou shouldst come,
I'd stand aside, my love, to make thee room;
Were I in paradise, well seated there,
I'd quit my place to give it thee, my fair!"

Sometimes, but very rarely, weird images are sought to clothe passion, as in the following (p. 136): —

"Down into hell I went and thence returned:
Ah me! alas! the people that were there!
I found a room where many candles burned,
And saw within my love that languished there.
When as she saw me, she was glad of cheer,
And at the last she said: Sweet soul of mine;
Dost thou recall the time long past, so dear,
When thou didst say to me, Sweet soul of mine?
Now kiss me on the mouth, my dearest, here;
Kiss me that I for once may cease to pine!
So sweet, ah me, is thy dear mouth, so dear,
That of thy mercy prithee sweeten mine!
Now love, that thou hast kissed me, now, I say,
Look not to leave this place again for aye."

Or again in this (p. 232): —

"Methinks I hear, I hear a voice that cries:
Beyond the hill it floats upon the air.
It is my lover come to bid me rise,
If I am fain forthwith toward heaven to fare.
But I have answered him, and said him No!
I've given my paradise, my heaven, for you:
Till we together go to paradise,
I'll stay on earth and love your beauteous eyes."

But it is not with such remote and eery thoughts that the rustic muse of Italy can deal successfully. Far better is the following half-playful description of love-sadness (p. 71):—

"Ah me, alas! who knew not how to sigh!
Of sighs I now full well have learned the art:
Sighing at table when to eat I try,
Sighing within my little room apart,
Sighing when jests and laughter round me fly,
Sighing with her and her who know my heart:
I sigh at first, and then I go on sighing;
'Tis for your eyes that I am ever sighing:
I sigh at first, and sigh the whole year through;
And 'tis your eyes that keep me sighing so."

The next two rispetti, delicious in their naiveté, might seem to have been extracted from the libretto of an opera, but that they lack the sympathising chorus, who should have stood at hand, ready to chime in with "he," "she," and "they," to the "I," "you," and "we" of the lovers (p. 123):—

"Ah, when will dawn that glorious day
When you will softly mount my stair?
My kin shall bring you on the way:
I shall be first to greet you there.
Ah, when will dawn that day of bliss
When we before the priest say Yes?"

"Ah, when will dawn that blissful day
When I shall softly mount your stair,
Your brothers meet me on the way,
And one by one I greet them there?
When comes the day, my staff, my strength,
To call your mother mine at length?
When will the day come, love of mine,
I shall be yours and you be mine?"

Hitherto the songs have told only of happy love, or of love returned. Some of the best, however, are unhappy. Here is one, for instance, steeped in gloom (p. 142): —

"They have this custom in fair Naples town;
They never mourn a man when he is dead:
The mother weeps when she has reared a son
To be a serf and slave by love misled;
The mother weeps when she a son hath born
To be the serf and slave of galley scorn;
The mother weeps when she a son gives suck
To be the serf and slave of city luck."

The following contains a fine wild image, wrought out with strange passion in detail (p. 300): —

"I'll spread a table brave for revelry,
And to the feast will bid sad lovers all.
For meat I'll give them my heart's misery;
For drink I'll give these briny tears that fall.
Sorrows and sighs shall be the varletry,
To serve the lovers at this festival:

The table shall be death, black death profound ;
Weep, stones, and utter sighs, ye walls around !
The table shall be death, yea, sacred death ;
Weep, stones, and sigh as one that sorroweth ! "

Nor is the next a whit less in the vein of mad Jeronimo (p. 304) : —

" High up, high up, a house I'll rear,
High up, high up, on yonder height ;
At every window set a snare,
With treason, to betray the night ;
With treason, to betray the stars,
Since I'm betrayed by my false feres ;
With treason, to betray the day,
Since Love betrayed me, well away ! "

The vengeance of an Italian reveals itself in the energetic song which I quote next (p. 303) : —

" I have a sword ; 'twould cut a brazen bell,
Tough steel 'twould cut, if there were any need :
I've had it tempered in the streams of hell
By masters mighty in the mystic rede :
I've had it tempered by the light of stars ;
Then let him come whose skin is stout as Mars ;
I've had it tempered to a trenchant blade ;
Then let him come who stole from me my maid."

More mild, but brimful of the bitterness of a soul to whom the whole world has become but ashes in the death of love, is the following lament (p. 143) : —

"Call me the lovely Golden Locks no more,
But call me Sad Maid of the golden hair.
If there be wretched women, sure I think
I too may rank among the most forlorn.
I fling a palm into the sea; 'twill sink:
Others throw lead, and it is lightly borne.
What have I done, dear Lord, the world to cross?
Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to dross.
How have I made, dear Lord, dame Fortune wroth?
Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to froth.
What have I done, dear Lord, to fret the folk?
Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to smoke."

Here is pathos (p. 172): —

"The wood-dove who hath lost her mate,
She lives a dolorous life, I ween;
She seeks a stream and bathes in it,
And drinks that water foul and green:
With other birds she will not mate,
Nor haunt, I wis, the flowery treen;
She bathes her wings and strikes her breast;
Her mate is lost: oh, sore unrest!"

And here is fanciful despair (p. 168): —

"I'll build a house of sobs and sighs,
With tears the lime I'll slack;
And there I'll dwell with weeping eyes
Until my love come back:
And there I'll stay with eyes that burn
Until I see my love return."

The house of love has been deserted, and the lover comes to moan beneath its silent eaves (p. 171): —

"Dark house and window desolate!
Where is the sun which shone so fair?
'Twas here we danced and laughed at fate:
Now the stones weep; I see them there.
They weep, and feel a grievous chill:
Dark house and widowed window-sill!"

And what can be more piteous than this prayer? (p. 309): —

"Love, if you love me, delve a tomb,
And lay me there the earth beneath;
After a year, come see my bones,
And make them dice to play therewith.
But when you're tired of that game,
Then throw those dice into the flame;
But when you're tired of gaming free,
Then throw those dice into the sea."

The simpler expression of sorrow to the death is, as usual, more impressive. A girl speaks thus within sight of the grave (p. 308); —

"Yes, I shall die: what wilt thou gain?
The cross before my bier will go;
And thou wilt hear the bells complain,
The *Misereres* loud and low.
Midmost the church thou'lt see me lie
With folded hands and frozen eye;
Then say at last, I do repent! —
Nought else remains when fires are spent."

Here is a rustic Œnone (p. 307); —

"Fell death, that fliest fraught with woe!
Thy gloomy snares the world ensphere:
Where no man calls, thou lov'st to go;
But when we call, thou wilt not hear.
Fell death, false death of treachery,
Thou makest all content but me."

Another is less reproachful, but scarcely less sad (p. 308):—

"Strew me with blossoms when I die,
Nor lay me 'neath the earth below;
Beyond those walls, there let me lie,
Where oftentimes we used to go.
There lay me to the wind and rain;
Dying for you, I feel no pain:
There lay me to the sun above;
Dying for you, I die of love."

Yet another of these pitiful love-wailings displays much poetry of expression (p. 271):—

"I dug the sea, and delved the barren sand:
I wrote with dust and gave it to the wind:
Of melting snow, false love, was made thy band,
Which suddenly the day's bright beams unbind.
Now am I ware, and know my own mistake —
How false are all the promises you make;
Now am I ware, and know the fact, ah me!
That who confides in you, deceived will be."

It would scarcely be well to pause upon these very doleful ditties. Take, then, the

following little serenade, in which the lover on his way to visit his mistress has unconsciously fallen on the same thought as Bion (p. 85): —

"Yestreen I went my love to greet,
By yonder village path below:
Night in a coppice found my feet;
I called the moon her light to show —
O moon, who needs no flame to fire thy face,
Look forth and lend me light a little space!"

Enough has been quoted to illustrate the character of the Tuscan popular poetry. These village rispetti bear the same relation to the canzoniere of Petrarch as the "savage drupe" to the "suave plum." They are, as it were, the wild stock of that highly artificial flower of art. Herein lies, perhaps, their chief importance. As in our ballad literature we may discern the stuff of the Elizabethan drama undeveloped, so in the Tuscan people's songs we can trace the crude form of that poetic instinct which produced the sonnets to Laura. It is also very probable that some such rustic minstrelsy preceded the Idylls of Theocritus and the Bucolics of Virgil; for coincidences of thought and imagery, which can scarcely be referred to

any conscious study of the ancients, are not a few. Popular poetry has this great value for the student of literature: it enables him to trace those forms of fancy and of feeling which are native to the people, and which must ultimately determine the character of national art, however much that may be modified by culture.

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BY

Molly Elliot Seawell

AUTHOR OF

"The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," "Francezka," "Papa Bouchard," and "Children of Destiny"

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The Bibelot

We are uncertain as to the interest this essay[1] *will awaken in other minds, but for us there exists a poignant association of ideas begotten by what Mr. Mackail has said concerning the old Roman singer of field and fold, and the purely accidental manner in which we first came to know Virgil and to love him.*

This was indeed "many and many a year ago." Conceivably we may without undue egoism recall our youthful booklover as he rescues from an old bookshop in Celtic Cardiff the dingy little octavo worth a doubtful sixpence, wherein, with an emotion felt for the first time, he reads these lines:

"Thus have I sung of Fields, and Flocks, and Trees,
And of the waxen Work of lab'ring Bees;
While mighty Cæsar, *thund'ring from afar,*
Seeks on Euphrates' *Banks the Spoils of War:*
With conqu'ring Arts asserts his Country's Cause,
With Arts of Peace the willing People draws:
On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews,
And his great Father's Path to Heav'n pursues.
While I at Naples *pass my peaceful Days,*
Affecting Studies of less noisy Praise;

---

[1] *Reprinted from* Macmillan's Magazine *for February, 1888.*

And bold, thro' Youth, beneath the Beechen Shade,
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Loves have play'd."

Scholarship has since had its final word about Dryden and his want of fidelity, or comprehension even, of his text; scholarship cannot gainsay the fact that a casual reading of these concluding lines of the fourth Georgic as translated by "glorious John" awakened a love of Virgil that has never died away.

FOR OCTOBER:

LYRICS
By
W. E. HENLEY.

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE

An Essay

BY J. W. MACKAIL.

THE GEORGICS.

On Tuscan farms revolve each changeless year
The world-old toils of the world in order meet:
Labour is good and rest from labour sweet,
Kind leafage and mossed cave and living mere:
Through silver olive-orchards ploughs the steer,
And shepherds sing in shaded summer heat;
But who has eyes to track the wood-god's feet,
The wine-god's world-song who has ears to hear?

Virgil, our brain-sick life tossed to and fro,
Nature or Art too tired, too blind, to know,
Feels yet their secret in thy magic scroll:
That high-rapt calm so far remote from us
Yet not too steadfastly felicitous
Nor too divinely alien to console.

J. B. B. NICHOLS.

FROM pastoral meads, from task of field and fold,
To war, to love, to death by land and sea
He turned, and sung in soft Parthenope
Heroic deeds, and peoples great of old,
Who dwelt where Nar and Amasenus rolled
By Sabine slope or Volscian low-country,
Mingling the dimly-shadowed days to be
With days long dead in his high verse of gold.

Yet ever sickening at loves ill allied,
Thwart fates, vext wanderings, waste of princely blood,
Harsh trumpet-notes and tossing fields of foam,
In twilight visions of the mystic wood
He sought, with longing eyes unsatisfied,
The immortality he gave to Rome.

J. W. MACKAIL.

TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.

I.

ROMAN *Virgil, thou that singest*
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

II.

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

III.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

V.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI.

Thou that seëst Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

IX.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

X.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THAT Virgil should be the most translated and the most untranslatable of poets is not wonderful: it is only another way of saying that more than any other poet he kindles in his readers the thirst after expression, the desire of repayment. And yet his supreme magic is, like all supreme qualities, essentially inimitable: *inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes:* they perish, and he remains.

But it is in human nature that translations should continue to be made, since in no other way can the desire come so near being satisfied of saying what we think about Virgil. For a translation is in a sense the sum of the translator's criticism and appreciation of his author: he says in it, in his own words, what effect the original has produced on him. For the perfect translation two qualities would be required: perfect apprehension of the thing translated, and perfect power of putting this apprehension into words; and beyond these two qualities nothing else. Whether a scholar and poet great enough to appreciate Virgil fully would often have time or inclination to translate him, when so many

other matters call on him for utterance, were too curious a question. By doing so he would to a certain degree abandon the function of a poet for that of a critic, and poets cannot well be spared for other work. The chances are that a modern poet would only care to translate Virgil in the way in which Virgil himself translated Theocritus or Homer: though Mr. Morris's Æneid (which is not only a remarkable poem, but one of the most important criticisms ever made on Virgil) is such an exception as disproves the rule. Conington, in 1861, concluded his review of the English translators of Virgil by pronouncing it unlikely that the attempt to translate him into verse would be often made in the future, and hinting that sweet were the uses of prose. His judgment that scholars would prefer prose has been signally falsified: it is a small, though possibly a deserved, compliment to scholars to think that they would naturally prefer the inferior to the superior form of language. Conington proceeded forthwith to translate Virgil into verse himself. And since then there have been more partial or complete verse-translations than ever — in blank verse,

in heroic couplets, in ballad-couplets, in stanzas; and now by Sir Charles Bowen in a metre which, if not precisely of his own invention, has never been reduced to the same rules and employed on the same scale before.

This metre Sir Charles Bowen considers to be a modification of the English hexameter. It is (if technical language may be allowed for the sake of precision) a rhyming line, in triple measure, containing six stresses, and beginning and ending on a stressed syllable. It corresponds, as exactly as an English can correspond to a Latin metre, to the dactylic pentameter if the first half of the line were full: as if, for example, we were to alter the couplet of Ovid into,

"Et tamen ille tuæ felix Æneidos auctor
Contulit in Tyrios simul arma virumque toros."

It is obvious that a pentameter thus altered would still remain essentially different from a hexameter in rhythmical effect; and if Sir Charles Bowen's verse be spoken of as a hexameter, this must be carefully kept in mind. As an English form of verse it is the same, with one exception (that the line is

begun on a stressed syllable), as that of the earlier sections of Maud. But this exception is of capital importance. To understand it, we must consider what may be called the natural quality of English rhythm.

In early English poetry we find the systems of falling and rising rhythm — that is to say, of rhythms in which the stressed syllables precede the unstressed, and rhythms in which the unstressed syllables precede the stressed — both in use and fighting for predominance. The first was combined with an initial, the second with a final assonance. But with Langland the former system said its last word. Whether from the effect of the personal genius of Chaucer, from the overpowering authority of French and Italian poetry, or from some inherent quality of the English language, the rising rhythm alone has been since then used for continuous poetical composition: with few exceptions, and these chiefly lyrical, iambic and anapæstic verse have driven out trochaic and dactylic. Partly this is due to the prevalence of rhymed verse: trochaic or dactylic metres imply double or triple rhymes, and to these the English language does not lend itself; while the use of

rhyme at all, means that the line rises towards the end and culminates on the last stressed syllable. But even if rhyme be put out of account, the normal, and by this time we may say the necessary, form of blank verse is iambic. Mr. Browning's One Word More is a singular instance of the falling trochaic rhythm being chosen, for special reasons, and with the explicit purpose of making a poem different from all other poems; while of dactylic verse ("dactylics, call'st thou 'em?") except for the attempts made to write English hexameters after the Latin model, there is hardly a specimen in our poetry.

Again, there are two forms of six-stressed triple metre natural to English, differing from each other in that one divides the line midway and the other does not. Cæsura properly speaking does not exist in English, and cannot exist in any poetry which is not quantitative. [1]

1 The word cæsura is here used in its strict sense of a break at the end of a half-foot, or, to speak metrically, a division in the line from which the rhythm starts again with reversed stress: thus in a *senarius* the rhythm goes on from the cæsural pause as trochaic, and in a hexameter as anapæstic. In a line of English blank verse there may be a break, but there is no change of rhythm.

But the effect of a cæsura may be obtained by beginning the rhythm anew from a fresh unaccented base in the middle of the line; and this is the only method in English of giving that double movement of fall and rise which is given by the cæsura to the Greek and Latin hexameters. The undivided line has no quality in common with the classical hexameter except that of having six stresses; and its movement is so extremely rapid that it can hardly be used except for lyrical poetry. To make the difference more clear, a passage in each metre is added; the one from Maud, the other from Mr. Morris's translation of the Volo-spá, the creation of Ask and Embla.

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit — ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?"

"There were twain, and they went upon earth, and were speechless, unmighty and wan;
They were hopeless, deathless, lifeless, and the Mighty named them Man:

Then they gave them speech and power, and they gave
them colour and breath ;
And deeds and the hope they gave them, and they gave
them Life and Death ;
Yea hope, as the hope of the Framers ; yea might, as
the Fashioners had,
Till they wrought, and rejoiced in their bodies, and saw
their sons and were glad :
And they changed their lives and departed, and came
back as the leaves of the trees
Come back and increase in the summer : — and I, I, I
am of these ;
And I know of them that have fashioned, and the deeds
that have blossomed and grow ;
But nought of the Gods' repentance, or the Gods'
undoing I know."

The former of these is the verse which Sir Charles Bowen has chosen for his translation ; but with a view of making it like the Latin hexameter he has forbidden himself the use of unaccented opening syllables, and (except when Nature has been too strong for him) makes the line begin uniformly on a stressed syllable so as to give the apparent effect of a falling rhythm.

Against this treatment the English language revolts. The simplest measure of the disastrous difficulties in which it involves the writer is that it makes it impossible to

begin a line with an unstressed monosyllable, with any word like "the," "of," or "and." Sir Charles Bowen has employed extreme dexterity in avoiding them. But in spite of all imaginable dexterity it becomes every now and then necessary either to let the metre break down, or to keep it up at the expense of awkward ellipses and asyndeta. Lines like,

"Or when silver or marble is set in the yellow of gold"—

"May our children for ever preserve its memory bright"—

"Till our way to the hillock and ancient shrine we had wrought"—

have only five stresses, not six: lines like,

"When I beheld their serried ranks, their martial fire"—

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade"—

"Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tossed"—

have no definite rhythm at all; yet it is better to have such lines than to write English like,

" Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows the goat in her flight,
Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytisus flower to be fed."

" Enough I suffer of wrong
Home who have once seen plundered, survived Troy, foes in her heart."

" Tyrians too this festival night to the palace repair,
Places found them on couches with bright embroidery fair,
Gaze on the Trojan gifts, on the boy Iulus' eyes."

This is a grammatical extravagance which may seem slight in a single instance; but the way in which it recurs on every page jars on the reader's nerves at last, as does the perpetual and wearisome *enjambement* which makes one line end with a weak epithet in order to get the substantive at the beginning of the next.

" Facing the porch, on the threshold itself, stands Pyrrhus in bright
Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing mirror of light."

" Tramples on law divine, Polydorus slays, and with bold
Hand on the treasure seizes."

Ibi omnis effusus labor: against such inherent vice of metre the brilliant merits of this translation contend fruitlessly.

It is hardly possible to determine theoretically what form of English verse is most suited for translating Virgil: the best will no doubt be that in which the best translation is made. But it is possible to state certain general principles. No form of verse which is not of the first rank, which has not been carried by skill and practice somewhere near perfection, can ever hope to convey anything of Virgil's great distinction of mastery, of the perfect smoothness, the jewel-finish of his workmanship. And (dactylic verse in English being out of the question) no metre but an iambic one can hope to reproduce his stateliness and equability of movement. These long smooth anapæstics are before all things rapid. Now Virgil can be rapid when he chooses; but rapidity is the last word that one would think of applying to the typical Virgilian line. Aristotle calls the Homeric hexameter, "the stateliest of verses." In Latin hands it acquired a still greater stateliness, a more weighty and majestic movement; and with Virgil it is beyond all rivalry, "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." It is worth observing that, in the poem where these words occur, Lord Tennyson has

seized its quality with extraordinary art, by using an immensely long line where the insertion of a full foot in place of a cæsura makes the verse fall apart in a surge and recoil like that of the hexameter itself. Against the English hexameter properly so called the case has long ago gone by default. The fact that an English sentence may naturally fall into hexameter-rhythm (as in "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!") proves nothing, "for it is also likely that many unlikely things should happen." Nor does it prove much more that there are a few Elizabethan hexameters of great beauty,[1] or that in the hands of an eminent master of language it is even now possible, as Mr. Arnold has proved in his Lectures on Translating Homer, to render a short passage into lines which shall have

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1 Perhaps the most graceful ever written are those of Greene.

"Days in grief and nights consumed to think on a goddess,
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams but short from the night to the morning."

Nothing could be better than this; but it is only a *tour de force* after all.

something of the force and dignity of the original. It remains true, after all is said, that a metre depending on quantity and cæsura for its very essence is not natural in a language which possesses neither. Sir Richard Fanshawe's noble translation of the fourth Æneid into Spenserian verse probably shows the utmost that can be done with that stanza. One quotation may be given from it (Æn. iv. 420–434),

"Yet try for me this once ; for only thee
That perjured soul adores, to thee will show
His secret thoughts : thou, when his seasons be
And where the man's accessible, dost know.
Go, sister, meekly speak to the proud foe :
I was not with the Greeks at Aulis sworn
To raze the Trojan name, nor did I go
'Gainst Ilium with my fleet, neither have torn
Anchises' ashes up from his profaned urn.

" Why is he deaf to my entreaties? whither
So fast? It is a lover's last desire
That he would but forsake me in fair weather,
And a safe time. I do not now aspire
To his broke wedlock-vow, neither require
He should fair Latium and a sceptre leave :
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire,
Truce to my woe ; nor pardon, but reprieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how to grieve.

A verse that can be so handled, that can keep balance and dignity while following with extraordinary closeness the structure and diction of the Latin, cannot be dismissed lightly. But any stanza-verse is under heavy disadvantages as compared with a verse which is continuous. It is in blank verse, and in it only, that the greatest rhythmical effects in English have been attained; but who can write blank verse? — hardly three men in a century. A long passage from the eighth Æneid rendered into admirable blank verse by Cowper stands as yet almost alone. Next to it, in the technical perfection to which it has been carried, comes the decasyllabic couplet; and in this it is possible that the last word will be said. Stateliness and sweetness, Virgil's two great qualities, it is capable of to any degree; nor is there any other metre which admits such variety of treatment. From the pastoral couplet of Browne to the heroic couplet of Dryden it covers as great a range as the Latin hexameter. In the hands of Keats it reached a subtlety and complexity of harmony comparable to that of Virgil in his earlier work. "Lamia leaves on my ear," says Mr. F. T. Palgrave, "an echo like the

delicate richness of Virgil's hexameter in the Eclogues: the note of his magical inner sweetness is, in some degree, reached upon a different instrument;" and Mr. Frederic Myers, whose fragments of Virgilian translation are only disappointing from their scantiness, has shown how it may be adapted to a periodic structure with something approaching the fluidity of blank verse itself. There is some advantage, in dealing with Virgil, of getting a line which shall more or less correspond in length to his; and with the heroic couplet it is true that one line of the English is, as a rule, too little for one line of the Latin, and two are too much. But the disadvantage is more apparent than real. It is not on his single lines that Virgil depends: it is on his single phrases, his "lonely words." *Vobis parta quies — absens absentem auditque videtque — nihil o tibi amice relictum — dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos:* it is in such phrases as these, full of strange depths of music, of half-tones and melancholy cadences, rather than in the great rhetorical single lines, that the peculiar charm of Virgil lies.

Nor is that translation necessarily the best

which keeps most to the outward form of the original. If the office of a poetical translation be to reproduce that effect on the reader which the original has produced on the translator, a hundred influences must intervene, and the effect come through strange channels of association. Take the great line twice spoken in the Iliad, once by Glaucus in the sixth book, once by Nestor in the eleventh, *αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων* — how does Pope deal with it? Here are the two passages from his translation.

"Hippolochus survived; from him I came
The honoured author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."

"We then explained the cause on which we came,
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave,
Peleus said only this — 'My son, *be brave.*'"

It is not necessary to determine which of these is the better translation, the two couplets or the two words. The important point is, that both the gorgeous rhetorical

amplification of the one and the concentrated brevity of the other give just that lifting of the heart which the single line of Homer gives with the incomparable Homeric simplicity. Or, to return to Virgil: stateliness and sweetness are his unfailing qualities, the qualities in which he excels all other poets: a translation which should keep these qualities need not trouble itself much about lesser matters. The standard of accuracy required has risen, of its own accord as it were, to such a point that it can take care of itself. Conington's translation in this respect set a standard for all the future. No one would tolerate now, for the sake of any vigour or dignity, such swinging carelessness, such schoolboy scholarship as Dryden's; but just for that reason, we are safe against any one making the attempt on so slender a base of knowledge, or with such contempt for the outward form of Virgil, as Dryden did. Mr. Morris, who alone has given the Virgilian sweetness, as Dryden alone has given the Virgilian stateliness, keeps as closely to the original as Conington himself; and now Sir Charles Bowen has shown that even greater accuracy in this respect is possible. But to

produce a translation which should hold the field, not only the standard of accuracy set by modern scholarship, but also the standard of stateliness set by Dryden and the standard of sweetness set by Mr. Morris, have become essential for all the future. Two examples will illustrate this. The first is Dryden's, the second Mr. Morris's translation of Æneid vi. 450–466,

" Not far from these, Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood ;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,
With tears he first approached the sullen shade ;
And, as his love inspired him, thus he said :
' Unhappy queen ! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas ! the cause ? — By heaven I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forced by Fate,
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Has sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dared I to presume that, pressed with grief,
My flight should urge you through this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows !
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows ! ' "

" Midst whom Phœnician Dido now, fresh from the iron bane,
Went wandering in that mighty wood : and when the Trojan man
First dimly knew her standing by amid the glimmer wan —
E'en as in earliest of the month one sees the moon arise,
Or seems to see her at the least in cloudy drift of skies —
He spake, and let the tears fall down by all love's sweetness stirred :
' Unhappy Dido, was it true, that bitter following word,
That thou wert dead, by sword had sought the utter end of all?
Was it thy very death I wrought? Ah! on the stars I call,
I call the Gods and whatso faith the nether earth may hold,
To witness that against my will I left thy field and fold!
But that same bidding of the Gods, whereby e'en now I wend
Through dark, through deserts rusty-rough, through night without an end,
Drave me with doom. Nor held my heart in anywise belief
That my departure from thy land might work thee such a grief.
O stay thy feet! nor tear thyself from my beholding thus.
Whom fleest thou? this word is all that Fate shall give to us.' "

Sir Charles Bowen translates the same passage thus:

"Fresh from her death-wound still, here Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon.
Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old:
'True then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told
Thy sad death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand!
Was it, alas! to a grave that I did thee! Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the Night,
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals, — the same which bids me to go
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness below,—
Drove me imperiously thence, nor possessed I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus bitter to grieve.
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell;
'Tis thy lover thou fliest, and this is our last farewell!'"

Certainly one cannot borrow the famous formula and say that Sir Charles Bowen's translation would be better if he had taken more pains. The more one studies it, the more is one impressed by the delicate and unwearying labour that has been spent upon it, by his fine and conscientious scholarship, by the persistency with which he has striven to give Virgil's very turns of expression. In one matter indeed he has allowed himself an unfortunate laxity. For Virgil, more than for most poetry, the metre, whichever be chosen, should be adhered to with rigorous accuracy. Sir Charles Bowen has started on a basis of rhymed couplets, but in his arrangement of rhymes he uses extreme licence. Triplets, quatrains, various combinations of five, of six, and even of seven-lined stanzas, break into the couplet-system so freely that one is never sure what rhyme is to come next. Systems of irregularly grouped rhymes may be employed with exquisite effect in lyrical poetry; and indeed in the Eclogues, where (as in the songs of Theocritus) there is always something of a lyrical note, he often uses them with great beauty. But in an epic it is another matter. Thus in Æneid vi. 637–665,

the thirty lines of his translation are made up as follows : a stanza of five lines, a couplet, a quatrain, a couplet, a quatrain, a stanza of seven lines, a couplet, a quatrain. Mr. Swinburne's recent freak of writing a whole scene of a tragedy in sonnets [1] is hardly more violent than this. Yet if any adverse criticism be allowable, it is rather over-elaboration, never carelessness, that must be laid to his charge ; as though he had occasionally forgotten, in his minute study of the language, that Virgil is in the first place a poet, and that "the facility and golden cadence of poesy" are the first qualities at which a translator must aim. Virgil's security of workmanship was so great that he could say anything: by a strange magic the commonest words, the most prosaic expressions, became poetical from the mere fact that he used them. But it does not follow that a translator may say anything.

> "Anon each mariner brave
> Bakes in the fire, then crushes, his barley snatched from the wave."

Virgil, *hordea qui dixit*, might speak (though

[1] Locrine, Act i. sc. 2.

he does not) of snatching barley: a translator does so at his own peril.

"Second in order of honour the brave who sundered her chains,
He who spitted the pole with his feathered reed is the last."

This is grotesque, and Virgil is never grotesque. And alongside of this is the other fact, which must always be the despair of a translator, that Virgil had a greater power than any other poet ever has had of saturating his language with second meanings, as some precious stones are full of under-lights. A translator has often to make his choice between leaving these out altogether or dragging them to the surface; in either case the magic is gone. "All but the grieving queen;" how much too little for the splendid and sombre cadence of the *At non infelix animi Phoenissa!* "Such is the bees' sweet fever in summer's earliest prime;" how much too much for the two simple words, *fervet opus*, of the Latin! Yet Sir Charles Bowen has often caught the golden mean, nay even the golden cadence:

"Hesper from Oeta's summit for thee sails into the night:"

the feeling of the "lonely word" in *tibi deserit Hesperus Œtam* could not be more admirably rendered. Or again,

"Maenalus ever has forests that sing to him; ever a sigh
Speaks in his pines,"—

or

"Memory even of this may be joy in the distant years,"

or a passage where the liquid flow of the Latin is given with great beauty, (Æn. iv. 522–527)

"Now was the night. Tired limbs upon earth were folded to sleep,
Silent the forests and fierce sea-waves; in the firmament deep
Midway rolled heaven's stars; no sound on the meadows stirred;
Every beast of the field, each bright-hued feathery bird
Haunting the limpid lakes, or the tangled briary glade,
Under the silent night in sleep were peacefully laid."

Such lines as these almost make one believe in the possibility of the metre.

To us, as to all the world since Virgil's time, Latin poetry means what Virgil made it; and it is not without difficulty that we can put ourselves back in the pre-Virgil-

ian period, the pre-Virgilian habit of mind. Surprise has often been expressed that by the publication of the Eclogues Virgil should at once have obtained a success of enthusiasm which has hardly a parallel in literature. Ten short pieces, full of confused learning and of halting allegory; where the scenery is an impossible combination of Mantua, of Sicily, of Arcadia; where the manners of country and court are mixed up in hopeless confusion; where line after line is translated, and sometimes positively mis-translated, from Theocritus; how should these poems have produced so extraordinary an effect? But the more we study them, the more that "magical inner sweetness" overcomes us: the more clearly we see that this was indeed a new thing in the world. Between the Idyls and the Eclogues a change has taken place comparable to the change in the twilight of a summer night between evening and morning: insensibly we have left one world, and entered upon another. The outlines are the same, even to those of the light clouds in the sky; but over all the face of Nature there has come a new spirit. All the wide and undefinable meaning included in the word romance

suddenly breaks upon us. *Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissem!* the cry of the whole world, the sadness and beauty of life, has at last in words like these found perfect expression. It is this note of infinite tenderness, the same which later in the Georgics told of the lover's madness, "to be forgiven surely, if Death knew forgiveness," the same which later in the Æneid spoke of "the tears of things," that made Virgil from the first a new interpreter of life, a voice of one who knows all that may be known of sorrow and of hope. "Perhaps this is the reason," to quote Cardinal Newman's words, for in one sentence he has summed up the deepest Virgilian criticism, "of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

The greatest Greek literature has a perfection of form which has never been equalled; but that perfection is so consummate, and attained by means so simple, that it almost conceals itself, becoming dark with excess of

brightness. The words seem to have fallen into their place inevitably: there is no trace of labour: it is as though what they saw or felt put itself into language by instinct and without effort. Beside Homer or Sophocles at their highest, even Milton, even Virgil sounds heavy and artificial.

Ἐπεὶ πέπρακται πᾶν τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ καλῶς, χωρῶμεν.

so Sophocles says, and the terrible simplicity, the superhuman serenity of the words awes us into silence. With Dante again, as with Pindar, who stands alone among the Greeks, style is a passion. He flings himself upon style with a vehemence that makes everything go down before it: his language is raised as it were to a white heat, and burns where it touches. But Virgil is the perfect artist, dealing considerately with a difficult matter, melting a reluctant language in the sevenfold furnace of an intense imagination, forging and tempering, retempering and reforging, till the last trace of imperfection disappears. The finished work carries the result of all the labour, but it is transformed into beauty. In Milton alone is there another instance of such

superb continuity of workmanship, such ardour of genius fusing immense masses of intractable material and sustaining itself, by sheer force of style, at a height which is above danger, secure in its own strength. But the tenderness and sweetness of Virgil, *come colui che piange e dice*, is all his own. And to us it has come charged with the added sweetness of a thousand memories: the wreck of the ancient world, the slow reconstruction of the Middle Ages, the vast movement of later times. The fanatical self-reproaches of Saint Augustine hardly conceal the stirring of heart with which he looks back to the clinging enchantment of the Æneid; and we may fancy that as he lay dying in Hippo, the clamour of the siege and the cries of Genseric and his Vandals mingled in his mind with the old unforgotten romance of his boyhood, the siege and sack of Troy, *equus ligneus plenus armatis, et Trojæ incendium, atque ipsius umbra Creusæ*.[1] The earliest dawn of new light upon England found Bede, in his northern monastery, making timid attempts to copy the music of the Eclogues. Throughout the

[1] Aug. Conf. I. xiii. 4.

Middle Ages Virgil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sum of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there rises a note of all but intolerable pathos; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us, *confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur*, seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn splendour of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory: "My son, here may be agony, but not death; remember, remember!"

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XXXI.
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ARTHUR SYMONS.

XXV.

LYRICS.
BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

These lyrics are entirely subjective in treatment and whatever judgment may be ultimately passed upon them, are essentially the product of moods of modernity; passionate introspections born of a joy that has taken flight, which are part and parcel of To-day and may long outlast it.

The Bibelot

HAVING *already "set forth what* vers libre *really is in the hands of a born metrist,"* [1] *we now make good our promise to present the rhymed lyrics, chosen very largely from that section of the* Poems *(1898), entitled* Echoes, *which, for many of his admirers, represents the more enduring portion of William Ernest Henley's poetical achievement.*[2] *Since these collected Poems were reprinted in one volume a final "lyric sequence"* Hawthorn and Lavender, *(1901) has been published: this later work, and the two pamphlets* For England's Sake *(1902), and* A Song of Speed *(1903), sum up all in the matter of verse that the poet cared to reclaim out of a period extending backward to the year 1872.*

That Henley the patriotic must be heavily discounted in favour of Henley the poetic is fast becoming a foregone conclusion with all unbiased literary appraisers. Even his Song of Speed, *glorious as we feel its*

1 *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. VIII, Pp. 1-40.*

2 *Henley's early mastery of old French forms, especially his imitations of Villon's jargon given in thieve's* argot *of to-day demand, and will receive, our attention in a forthcoming* Bibelot.

onrush of staccato verse, remains a journalistic tour de force *which cannot for a single instant be justly compared with the superb symphonic movement of* London Voluntaries. *The bourgeois Imperialism and Berserk rage of critical slaughter both so indissolubly associated with the name of him who least of all men was captain of self-possession, whatever may be said for or against his mastership of Fate, are also of necessity negligible quantities: eventually they will cease to vex his memory.*

"Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for Thee.
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,—

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!"

FOR NOVEMBER:
ANN: A MEMORY,
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THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

LYRICS
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WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

TO MY WIFE.

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;

And, singing as when all was young,
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung —
The best of all.

W. E. H.

April, 1888.
September, 1897.

THE LOST LEADER.

HAIL and farewell! Through gold of sunset glowing,
Brave as of old your ship puts forth to sea;
We stand upon the shore to watch your going,
Dreaming of years long gone, of years to be.

The ship sails forth, but not from our remembrance,
We who were once of your ship's company:
Master of many a strong and splendid semblance,
Where shall we find another like to thee?

Your ship sets sail. Whate'er the end restore you,
Or golden Isles, or Night without a star,
Never, Great-Heart, has braver barque before you
Or sailed, or fought, or crossed the soundless bar.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

JULY 18, 1903.

I.

LIFE is bitter. All the faces of the years,
Young and old, are grey with travail and with tears.
Must we only wake to toil, to tire, to weep?
In the sun, among the leaves, upon the flowers,
Slumber stills to dreamy death the heavy hours . . .
Let me sleep.

Riches won but mock the old, unable years;
Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears;
Love must wither, or must live alone and weep.
In the sunshine, through the leaves, across the flowers,
While we slumber, death approaches through the hours . . .
Let me sleep.

1872.

II.

TO R. T. H. B.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.
1875.

III.

We 'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon.
November glooms are barren beside the dusk of June.
The summer flowers are faded, the summer thoughts are sere.
We 'll go no more a-roving, lest worse befall, my dear.

We 'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon.
The song we sang rings hollow, and heavy runs the tune.
Glad ways and words remembered would shame the wretched year.
We 'll go no more a-roving, nor dream we did, my dear.

We 'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon.
If yet we walk together, we need not shun the noon.
No sweet thing left to savour, no sad thing left to fear,
We 'll go no more a-roving, but weep at home, my dear.

1875.

IV.

THERE is a wheel inside my head
Of wantonness and wine,
An old, cracked fiddle is begging without,
But the wind with scents of the sea is fed,
And the sun seems glad to shine.

The sun and the wind are akin to you,
As you are akin to June.
But the fiddle! . . . It giggles and twitters about,
And, love and laughter! who gave him the cue? —
He's playing your favourite tune.

1875.

V.

TO A. D.

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad, spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

1876.

VI.

KATE-A-WHIMSIES, John-a-Dreams,
Still debating, still delay,
And the world 's a ghost that gleams —
Wavers — vanishes away!

We must live while live we can;
We should love while love we may.
Dread in women, doubt in man . . .
So the Infinite runs away.

1876.

VII.

TO D. H.

O, FALMOUTH is a fine town with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it 's there I was to-day;
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.
For it 's home, dearie, home — it 's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we 'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
They 're all growing green in the old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet
With her babe on her arm, as she came down the street;
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready
For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddie.
And it 's home, dearie, home,——

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;
And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king:
With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.
And it 's home, dearie, home, ——

O, there 's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.

For it 's home, dearie, home — it 's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we 'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
They 're all growing green in the old countrie.

1878.

NOTE. — The burthen and the third stanza are old.

VIII.

TO K. DE M.

Love blows as the wind blows,
Love blows into the heart.

NILE BOAT-SONG.

LIFE in her creaking shoes
Goes, and more formal grows,
A round of calls and cues:
Love blows as the wind blows.
Blows! . . . in the quiet close
As in the roaring mart,
By ways no mortal knows
Love blows into the heart.

The stars some cadence use,
Forthright the river flows,
In order fall the dews,
Love blows as the wind blows:
Blows! . . . and what reckoning shows
The courses of his chart?
A spirit that comes and goes,
Love blows into the heart.

1878.

IX.

I GAVE my heart to a woman —
I gave it her, branch and root.
She bruised, she wrung, she tortured,
She cast it under foot.

Under her feet she cast it,
She trampled it where it fell,
She broke it all to pieces,
And each was a clot of hell.

There in the rain and the sunshine
They lay and smouldered long;
And each, when again she viewed them,
Had turned to a living song.

X.

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave.

XI.

FRIENDS . . old friends . . .
One sees how it ends.
A woman looks
Or a man tells lies,
And the pleasant brooks
And the quiet skies,
Ruined with brawling
And caterwauling,
Enchant no more
As they did before.
And so it ends
With friends.

Friends . . old friends . . .
And what if it ends?
Shall we dare to shirk
What we live to learn?
It has done its work,
It has served its turn;
And, forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . old friends . . .
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!
It has fought and won,
And is still the best
That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands,
Which shall be more
As he was before? . . .
What is it ends
With friends?

XII.

THE Past was goodly once, and yet, when all is said,
The best of it we know is that it 's done and dead.

Dwindled and faded quite, perished beyond recall,
Nothing is left at last of what one time was all.

Coming back like a ghost, staring and lingering on,
Never a word it speaks but proves it dead and gone.

Duty and work and joy — these things it cannot give;
And the Present is life, and life is good to live.

Let it lie where it fell, far from the living sun,
The Past that, goodly once, is gone and dead and done.

XIII.

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me.
One or two women (God bless them!) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I 've talked at will.
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I 've comforted here, and I 've succoured there.
I 've faced my foes, and I 've backed my friends.
I 've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I have prayed for light, and I 've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end I know is the best of all.

1888-1889.

XIV.

I. M.

R. L. S.

(1850-1894.)

O, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!—
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O, we that were dear we are all-too near
With the thick of the world between us.

O, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

February, 1891.

XV.

One with the ruined sunset,
The strange forsaken sands,
What is it waits and wanders
And signs with desperate hands?

What is it calls in the twilight —
Calls as its chance were vain?
The cry of a gull sent seaward
Or the voice of an ancient pain?

The red ghost of the sunset,
It walks them as its own,
These dreary and desolate reaches . . .
But O, that it walked alone!

XVI.

WHEN you are old, and I am passed away —
Passed, and your face, your golden face, is grey —
I think, whate'er the end, this dream of mine,
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.

So may it be: that so dead Yesterday,
No sad-eyed ghost but generous and gay,
May serve you memories like almighty wine,
When you are old!

Dear Heart, it shall be so. Under the sway
Of death the past's enormous disarray
Lies hushed and dark. Yet though there come no sign,
Live on well pleased: immortal and divine
Love shall still tend you, as God's angels may,
When you are old.

XVII.

GULLS in an aëry morrice
  Gleam and vanish and gleam . . .
The full sea, sleepily basking,
  Dreams under skies of dream.

Gulls in an aëry morrice
  Circle and swoop and close . . .
Fuller and ever fuller
  The rose of the morning blows.

Gulls, in an aëry morrice
  Frolicking, float and fade . . .
O, the way of a bird in the sunshine,
  The way of a man with a maid!

XVIII.

SOME starlit garden grey with dew,
Some chamber flushed with wine and fire,
What matters where, so I and you
Are worthy our desire?

Behind, a past that scolds and jeers
For ungirt loins and lamps unlit;
In front the unmanageable years,
The trap upon the Pit;

Think on the shame of dreams for deeds,
The scandal of unnatural strife,
The slur upon immortal needs,
The treason done to life:

Arise! no more a living lie,
And with me quicken and control
Some memory that shall magnify
The universal Soul.

XIX.

TO P. A. G.

HERE they trysted, here they strayed
In the leafage dewy and boon,
Many a man and many a maid,
And the morn was merry June.
'Death is fleet, Life is sweet,'
Sang the blackbird in the may;
And the hour with flying feet,
While they dreamed, was yesterday.

Many a maid and many a man
Found the leafage close and boon;
Many a destiny began —
O, the morn was merry June!
Dead and gone, dead and gone,
(Hark the blackbird in the may!),
Life and Death went hurrying on,
Cheek on cheek — and where were they?

Dust on dust engendering dust
In the leafage fresh and boon,
Man and maid fulfil their trust —
Still the morn turns merry June.
Mother Life, Father Death
(O, the blackbird in the may!),
Each the other's breath for breath,
Fleet the times of the world away.

XX.

WHAT is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good — was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . . . even s

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe —
Dear, though it spoil and break us! — need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow:
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come.

ENVOY.

My songs were once of the sunrise :
They shouted it over the bar ;
First-footing the downs, they flourished,
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset :
Their brows are touched with light,
But their feet are lost in the shadows
And wet with the dews of night.

Yet for the joy in their making
Take them, O fond and true,
And for his sake who made them
Let them be dear to you.

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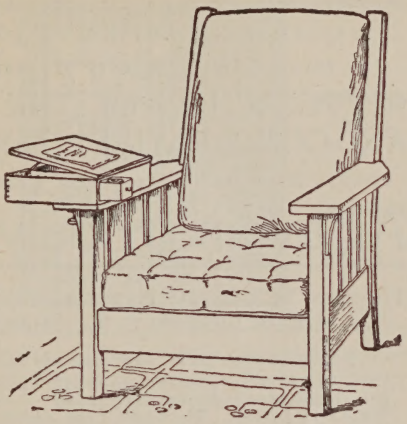

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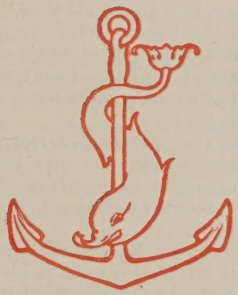

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The Bibelot

It was during the midsummer of 1802 that Thomas De Quincey, then a youth of seventeen, took unpermitted leave of the Manchester grammar school where he had been sent sometime earlier, or to speak precisely, in the winter of 1801. After much desultory journeying, (related, it must be said, with incredible prolixity in the Confessions,) *he reached London and a little later became acquainted with Ann. This brief episode in De Quincey's life, which is as a leaf out of the storm, bears the powerful impress of absolute truth, and is told by him with a pathos that still remains unique in English literature.*

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---

1 We bring together all the passages throwing any real light upon Ann. In 1856, over thirty years after the publication of The Confessions of an English Opium Eater, *De Quincey composed a phantasy entitled* The Daughter of Lebanon *considered by him "as appropriately closing a record in which the case of poor* Ann *the Outcast formed not only the most memorable and the most suggestively pathetic incident, but also* that *which, more than any other, coloured . . . the great body of my opium dreams." For ourselves we confess that in this ultimate form the account ceases to awaken a sense of tears in human happenings.*

verisimilitude imparted by a half-told and never-to-be-completed narrative? We are cognizant of what Fate had in store for Fantine,—for Manon,—but are mercifully spared the knowledge, even as De Quincey himself in later life was glad to be spared, of what become of his youthful benefactor. And at the last we take leave of her in that stony-hearted Oxford street where we first beheld her. A great dream-fugue with solemn organ swell is the final note upon which the story of Ann comes to an end.

"Alas! what are all these destinies thus driven pell-mell? whither go they? why are they so?

"He who knows that, sees all the shadow.

"He is alone. His name is God."

FOR DECEMBER:

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND.

ANN: A MEMORY

By

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

"And so Fantine was buried in the common grave of the cemetery, which is for everybody and for all, and in which the poor are lost. Happily, God knows where to find the soul. Fantine was laid away in the darkness with bodies which had no name: she suffered the promiscuity of dust. She was thrown into the public pit. Her tomb was like her bed."

VICTOR HUGO.

.... ANOTHER person there was, at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who belong to the outcasts and pariahs of our female population. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. Smile not, reader too carelessly facile! Frown not, reader too unseasonably austere! Little call was there here either for smiles or frowns. A penniless schoolboy could not be supposed to stand within the range of such temptations; besides that, according to the ancient Latin proverb, "*sine Cerere et Baccho*," &c. These unhappy women, to me, were simply sisters in calamity; and sisters amongst whom, in as large measure as amongst any other equal number of persons commanding more of the world's respect, were to be found humanity, disinterested generosity, courage that would not falter in defence of the helpless, and fidelity that would have scorned to take bribes for

betraying. But the truth is that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape. I cannot suppose, I will not believe, that any creatures wearing the form of man or woman are so absolutely rejected and reprobate outcasts that merely to talk with them inflicts pollution. On the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings — man, woman, and child — that chance might fling in my way; for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself, at that time, of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Some of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen

who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting; others had protected me against more serious aggressions. But one amongst them — the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject — yet no! let me not class thee, O noble-minded Ann ———, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion — ministering to my necessities when all the world stood aloof from me — I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked, at nights, with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos.

She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect

and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; — not obvious or readily accessible to poor, houseless wanderers; and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of society in London, as in all vast capitals, is unavoidably harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate. Friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out, from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge and the most righteous tribunals could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done; for

it had been settled between us at length (but, unhappily, on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her) that in a day or two I, accompanied by her, should state her case to a magistrate. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this: — One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt unusually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble act which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms, and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that, without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot, or should, at least, have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all

re-ascent, under my friendless circumstances, would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and, in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the generous girl, without a murmur, paid out of her own humble purse, at a time, be it remembered, when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her. O youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love — how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment, even so

the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) even into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

Some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often when I walk, at this time, in Oxford Street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a common street-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear youthful companion, I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever.

These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as the turn to Salt Hill and Slough on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now totally

disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries — having been replaced by Regent Street and its adjacencies. *Swallow Street* is all that I remember of the names superseded by this large revolutionary usurpation. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left, until we came into Golden Square. There, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told Ann of my plans some time before, and now I assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any, and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for, setting aside gratitude (which in any case must have made me her debtor for life), I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment with sevenfold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had apparently most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the

contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow, so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept, without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week, at furthest, and I agreed with her that, on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me, at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street; which had formerly been our customary haven of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This, and other measures of precaution, I took; one, only, I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves *Miss Douglas*, *Miss Montague*, &c., but simply by their Christian names, *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, &c. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her, I ought now to have inquired; but the truth is, having no reason to think

that our meeting again could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview; and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicine for a violent cough with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot this precaution until it was too late to recall her.

Meantime, what had become of Ann? Where was she? Whither had she gone? According to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street; and during the last days of my stay in London I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered, at last, some account which she had given of ill-treatment from her landlord, which made it probable

that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter or their slight regard; and others, thinking that I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if indeed they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to the Priory. All was in vain. To this hour I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other — a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose

that, in the literal and unrhetorical use of the word *myriad*, I must, on my different visits to London, have looked into many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting Ann. I should know her again amongst a thousand, and if seen but for a moment. Handsome she was not; but she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiarly graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. Now I wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave — in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee! The time was come that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces, no

more should wake and dream in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors too many to myself and Ann have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps, inheritors of our calamities. Other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children; and thou, Oxford Street, hast since those days echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about

the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day: for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer." I turned, as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city — an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot

from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was — Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length, "So, then, I have found you at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; the same, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered; yet again sometimes *not* altered; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim; and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann — just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character — a tumultuous dream — commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep — music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where — somehow, but I knew not how — by some beings, but I knew not by whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages — was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise

myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells!

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Our little garland of Christmas posies is a simple selection of personal preferences,

---

1 *See Introduction to The Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Mark edited by the Very Rev. C. H. Stubbs, D. D., The Dean of Ely, in The Temple Bible, (London, 1901). This series of reprints embracing the Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha is beyond question the most satisfactory of all handy volume editions yet issued. (Imported by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)*

in which no attempt is made to present the origin and growth of these outbursts of lyric joy over the birth of the Divine Child. Whatever the devotional value of the earlier carols it is evident that the stream of poetry runs clearer the further we get from the naïve utterances of those older singers. It would indeed be strange if this was not so. The significant thing to our mind is the deeper emotion, the wider outlook — that is found in what we here offer — echoes of that "still sweeter, stranger music falling from the magic sky," once "vocal above the manger-cradle of Bethlehem."

"They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou mayst answer all my need —
Yea, every bygone prayer."

FOR JANUARY:

A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES:
By
MAURICE HEWLETT.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem in that fair citie,
Angels sungen with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearèd with great light,
And said, God's son is born this night,
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is comen to save kind
[Even] in Scripture as we find,
[There] fore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

[Then, dear] Lord, for thy great grace
[Grant us] in bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thee solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!

THOU whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While thy stars made mirth,
Saviour, at thy birth,
This day born again;

As this night was bright
With thy cradle-ray,
Very light of light,
Turn the wild world's night
To thy perfect day.

. . . . .

Light not born with morn
Or her fires above,
Jesus virgin-born,
Held of men in scorn,
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace
As the sun's doth heat,
Let thy sunbright face
Lighten time and space
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN.

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings, &c.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;

This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.

ANONYMOUS. (1500, A. D.?)

MASTERS, IN THIS HALL.[1]

"To *Bethlem did they go, the shepherds three;*
To Bethlem did they go to see whe'r it were
so or no,
Whether Christ were born or no
To set men free."

Masters, in this hall,
Hear ye news to-day
Brought over sea,
And ever I you pray.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's Son so dear.

---

1 "In *Ancient Christmas Carols* by Edmund Sedding (London, 1860) is a poem of twelve quatrains with a chorus which is to be sung after each. It is entitled "Masters, in this Hall"; and we are told that "The English Words" were "written expressly by William Morris, Esq., B. A." It is a quaint production, sincere enough, and by no means without beauty; but the poet did well not to challenge, by reprinting it, a comparison with his treatment of the same theme—the birth of Christ—in *The Earthly Paradise*."—(H. Buxton Forman in *The Books of William Morris*, 8vo, London, 1897, p. 216). We believe that quite contrary to this *obiter dictum* of Mr. Forman's our readers will thank us for reproducing both carols in these pages.

Going over the hills,
  Through the milk-white snow,
Heard I ewes bleat
  While the wind did blow.
Nowell, etc.

Shepherds many an one
  Sat among the sheep;
No man spake more word
  Than they had been asleep.
Nowell, etc.

Quoth I "Fellows mine,
  Why this guise sit ye?
Making but dull cheer,
  Shepherds though ye be?
Nowell, etc.

"Shepherds should of right
  Leap and dance and sing;
Thus to see ye sit
  Is a right strange thing."
Nowell, etc.

Quoth these fellows then,
  "To Bethlem town we go,
To see a Mighty Lord
  Lie in manger low."
Nowell, etc.

"How name ye this Lord,
Shepherds?" then said I.
"Very God," they said,
"Come from Heaven high."
Nowell, etc.

Then to Bethlem town
We went two and two,
And in a sorry place
Heard the open low.
Nowell, etc.

Therein did we see
A sweet and goodly May,
And a fair old man;
Upon the straw she lay.
Nowell, etc.

And a little CHILD
On her arm had she;
"Wot ye who this is?"
Said the hinds to me.
Nowell, etc.

Ox and ass him know,
Kneeling on their knee:
Wondrous joy had I
This little BABE to see.
Nowell, etc.

This is CHRIST the Lord,
Masters, be ye glad!
Christmas is come in,
And no folk should be sad.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's Son so dear.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' eternal king,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

. . . . . .

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this babe all innocence;
A martyr born in our defence:
Can man forget the story?

BEN JONSON.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign:—

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels, praising GOD, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:—

'All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!'

NAHUM TATE.

A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of GOD could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the Mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornéd oxen fed;
— Peace, my darling, here 's no danger;
Here 's no ox a-near thy bed!

May'st Thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE CHILD JESUS.

A CORNISH CAROL.

WELCOME that Star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen:
The lamp, far sages hailed on high,
The tones that thrill'd the shepherd men:
Glory to God in highest heaven!
Thus Angels smote the echoing chord;
Glad tidings unto man forgiven!
Peace from the presence of the Lord!

The Shepherds sought that Birth divine,
The Wise Men traced their guided way;
There by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay.
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod:
A maiden clasped her Awful Child,
Pure offspring of the breath of God.

Those voices from on high are mute;
The Star the Wise Men saw is dim;
But Hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the angel-hymn:
Glory to God in loftiest heaven!
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord;
Good tidings unto man forgiven,
Peace from the presence of the Lord!

STEPHEN HAWKER.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

It was the calm and silent night! —
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night! —
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the ROMAN what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed — for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

IV.

O strange indifference! — low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still — but knew not why;
The world was listening — unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

V.

It *is* the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw

Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy *now!*
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

A LULLABY FOR CHRISTMAS.

SLEEP, baby, sleep! The mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The father cries:
Stars lean and worship from the skies.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom angels wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came, guided by thy star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou, who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, stars, and air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing:
Through earth, through heaven hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

J. A. SYMONDS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THREE damsels in the queen's chamber,
The queen's mouth was most fair;
She spake a word of God's mother
As the combs went in her hair.
Mary that is of might,
Bring us to thy Son's sight.

They held the gold combs out from her
A span's length off her head;
She sang this song of God's mother
And of her bearing-bed.
Mary most full of grace,
Bring us to thy Son's face.

When she sat at Joseph's hand,
She looked against her side;
And either way from the short silk band
Her girdle was all wried.
Mary that all good may,
Bring us to thy Son's way.

Mary had three women for her bed,
The twain were maidens clean;
The first of them had white and red,
The third had riven green.
Mary that is so sweet,
Bring us to thy Son's feet.

She had three women for her hair,
  Two were gloved soft and shod;
The third had feet and fingers bare,
  She was the likest God.
    Mary that wieldeth land,
    Bring us to thy Son's hand.

She had three women for her ease,
  The twain were good women;
The first two were the two Maries,
  The third was Magdalen.
    Mary that perfect is,
    Bring us to thy Son's kiss.

Joseph had three workmen in his stall,
  To serve him well upon;
The first of them were Peter and Paul,
  The third of them was John.
    Mary, God's handmaiden,
    Bring us to thy Son's ken.

"If your child be none other man's,
  But if it be very mine,
The bedstead shall be gold two spans,
  The bed-foot silver fine."
    Mary that made God mirth,
    Bring us to thy Son's birth.

"If the child be some other man's,
  And if it be none of mine,

The manger shall be straw two spans,
Betwixen kine and kine."
Mary that made sin cease,
Bring us to thy Son's peace.

Christ was born upon this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of psalteries,
Nor with fire for light.
Mary that is God's spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east
With a great sound and sweet:
Kings gave gold to make him feast
And myrrh for him to eat.
Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good.

He had two handmaids at his head,
One handmaid at his feet;
The twain of them were fair and red,
The third one was right sweet.
Mary that is most wise,
Bring us to thy Son's eyes. Amen.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

OUTLANDERS, WHENCE COME YE LAST?

OUTLANDERS, whence come ye last?
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Through what green sea and great have ye past?
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

From far away, O masters mine,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
We come to bear you goodly wine:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

From far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
To tell of great tidings strange and true:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News, news of the Trinity,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
And Mary and Joseph from over the sea:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
What hap do ye deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep:
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
To slay your sorrow and heel your teen?"
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

"In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
A Babe and a maid without a flaw.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

"There was an old man there beside,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

"And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Those twain knelt down to the Little One.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

"And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care."
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, we sing!
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

CVI.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE INN.

O LORD, our God, and is it thus we greet
Thee first on earth! Yea, Thee, the Mighty One,
Brought low, made outcast, laid here at our feet
This winter's night, whose raging wind and sleet
Bid Thee grim welcome to a world undone!

Ah! Thou hast emptied Thyself indeed, dear Lord,
That in a Babe's lone weakness we should view Thee.
O bitter ransom's price! O Great Heart, stored
With love heroic! And shall sin's abhorred,
Rude presence thus through all life's hours pursue Thee?

Hark! in the hostel how men laugh and sing,
Round the heaped fire carousing through the night!
They house Thee not; they heed not anything
Of Thine: some foolish shepherds only bring
Their offerings here by yon faint lanthorn's light.

Adorable Creator, Babe New-born,
With these poor herdsmen let me kneel and pray!
The world without Thee is a thing forlorn,
Vexed wand'rer 'mid a night that knows not morn:
From Thee, alone from Thee, streams full the Day!

SELWYN IMAGE.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

We are but of such mortal mould,
Nos exaudi, Domine!
That the night can scarce withhold
In its shroud our sins from Thee.

That night comes, when Thou shalt come
Nos exaudi, Domine!
From Thy home to this sad home,
And die for us upon the tree.

If then the stars shine out so bright,
Nos exaudi, Domine!
That Thou seest by their light,
How great our sins and many be;

Thou wilt come, as they were not,
Nos exaudi, Domine!
Or as they were all forgot,
Or forgiven, Lord, by Thee.

H. P. HORNE.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY TO THEE, DO THOU REPEAT
TO THE FIRST MAN THOU MAYEST MEET
IN LANE, HIGHWAY, OR OPEN STREET—

THAT HE AND WE AND ALL MEN MOVE
UNDER A CANOPY OF LOVE,
AS BROAD AS THE BLUE SKY ABOVE;

THAT DOUBT AND TROUBLE, FEAR AND PAIN
AND ANGUISH, ALL ARE SHADOWS VAIN,
THAT DEATH ITSELF SHALL NOT REMAIN;

THAT WEARY DESERTS WE MAY TREAD,
A DREARY LABYRINTH MAY THREAD,
THROUGH DARK WAYS UNDERGROUND BE LED;

YET, IF WE WILL ONE GUIDE OBEY,
THE DREARIEST PATH, THE DARKEST WAY
SHALL ISSUE OUT IN HEAVENLY DAY;

AND WE, ON DIVERS SHORES NOW CAST,
SHALL MEET, OUR PERILOUS VOYAGE PAST,
ALL IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE AT LAST.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

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THE editor of THE BIBELOT begs to say that owing to the excessive work entailed upon him during December, it is not possible to mail the January number, now or in future, earlier than the 15th of that month.

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